

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XVIII.—No. 465. [REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2nd, 1905.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½D.]

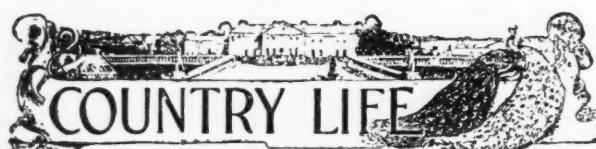


Hodson & Kenyon

SPEAIGHT.

THE COUNTESS OF DALKEITH AND HER CHILDREN.

157, New Bond Street, W.



**THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits**

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This week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE contains a supplement descriptive of "In English Homes," "Gardens Old and New," and "The Gardens of Italy."

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. XVII. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

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**THE MINDS . . .
OF ANIMALS.**

IN one of the current periodicals there is an extremely interesting article on this subject, which has a perennial attraction. The writer discards the usual method. He does not proceed to collect a certain number of stories illustrating the cleverness of animals, and from them draw conclusions as to their intelligence. Still, he finds a use for certain stories that are instructive just because they show the limitations of animals. One which is typical of many others came from the observation of no less a person than Charles Darwin. In an aquarium were certain large fishes, and beside them some of the small fishes on which they prey, but the two were separated by panes of glass. The larger fish at first paid no attention to the glass, and dashed themselves against it, to their own detriment, in order to prey upon their younger brethren. When, however, after many repeated efforts, they found that the result was only to hurt themselves, they desisted. Some time after, the glass panes were removed, and the small fish exposed to the attacks of their enemies. The latter, however, did not seem to realise that any change had taken place, and lived in peace beside the small fish. The case might be paralleled from the experience of many farmers. If a sheepdog takes to worrying its charges, one of the most certain methods of cure is to tie him up beside an old ewe or ram, who will butt him severely while he is prevented from

retaliating. After drastic measures of this kind the average dog will entirely cease to worry the sheep. This kind of anecdote is extremely instructive to those who have considered the ways of animals. It embodies the principle on which most of the tricks to be witnessed in music-halls and menageries are taught. The animal is restrained from following its own instinct by means that we fear are often extremely cruel. These means, it need hardly be said, include a liberal use of the hot iron, till the animal comes to believe that if it does a certain thing, or refrains from doing something else, it will meet with a most torturing punishment. Hence the act of witnessing performing animals is in itself almost an encouragement of cruelty. Besides, such a performance is generally taken for a display of intelligence, but is in most cases nothing more nor less than a lack of it. If anyone wishes to see animal intelligence in reality, it is absolutely necessary to go out into the open air and see the creatures left to their own resources.

In contradistinction to the examples we have cited, let us take that of a donkey shut in a field. The experience, we may say, is a fact. In the next meadow a quantity of grass was kept for the use of fowls, and the donkey, straying there accidentally on one occasion, found what to him no doubt was treasure-trove, and made a hearty meal of it. Afterwards it was found almost impossible to invent a catch to the paddock that he could not open. He used his teeth with the cleverness of a man's hand, and again and again raided the quarters of the fowls. He had to pass through a yard and two other gates to get to it, and in doing so invariably shut the gates behind him. Here was rudimentary intelligence. The donkey acted under special circumstances, and was not doing anything that could be taught him by instinct. The following, again a personal observation, may be taken as a fair example of what we may call clever instinctive action. The other day we found a rat-hole, the opening of which was built in quite ingeniously with small stones, whereupon the man with the ferrets, who had come for the purpose of destroying the rats, at once said, "There is a she-rat inside; she has made a nest and is going to have young, and does this to keep the cold wind out." Truly enough, when a ferret was put into the hole a she-rat in this condition was driven out. No doubt generations of her kind had taken the same precaution before, and this therefore fulfils the definition of instinct given by our author. He says it means "inherited wisdom, knowledge which is handed down from parent to offspring, the result of generations of practice and experience which the offspring does not acquire itself, does not attempt to understand and explain, and which it cannot prevent its own offspring from inheriting and utilising."

We take a third type of anecdote, and it seems to show a mixture of intelligence and stupidity. There is a well-attested story of a cow which refused to give her milk except when the calf was beside her. Unfortunately, the calf died, and it seemed as though it were impossible to obtain milk from the cow, whereupon the farmer had the calf-skin stuffed with hay, and when it was placed beside the cow she gave milk at once, and continued to do so for some time. But the sequel was very curious. One day the stuffed calf-skin happened to burst open and the hay fell out, whereupon, with her usual placidity, the cow began to eat the hay. This reminds us of what we have seen among seabirds, which during the nesting season will whirl shrieking about any stranger approaching their nests as though they were going to raise the dead, yet if you take the nests up and put them in a basket, the mother birds make no hesitation about dropping down and eating the very treasures about which they were so solicitous. In brooding on their eggs, birds must be, to a large extent at least, guided by instinct. They do not sit continuously, but leave at intervals to dust themselves or take food. Naturalists have discovered that their doing so prevents the yolk from sticking to the shell, but merely from that it would be rash to argue that the parent bird premeditatively left the nest so that the yolk should not stick to the shell. Again, birds have not the means of identifying the eggs upon which they sit, but will hatch out those of another breed as readily as their own—facts of which we have abundant proof in the case of the cuckoo, or even the barn-door fowl, who will sit quite comfortably on an egg, on chalk, or earthenware. Wild birds show a wonderful amount of cleverness in knowing where they are safe. We have seen them rest contentedly in their sanctuary, but immediately they crossed a certain wall, they became as wild and keen as any of those who had never known a sanctuary. So we might go on enlarging upon a subject which never loses its fascination and never brings us to a certain conclusion.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Dalkeith and her children. Lady Dalkeith is a daughter of the Earl of Bradford, and her husband, who is the Conservative Member for Roxburghshire, is the eldest son of the Duke of Buccleuch.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

THE news from Russia continues to be of a very distressing character. It would appear as though the spirit of rebellion had spread through and through the subjects of the Czar, and scarcely a day passes without bringing with it some new record of outrage and mutiny. Perhaps it might not be too late yet to amend the condition of things; but unfortunately the Ethiopian does not change his skin nor the leopard his spots, and no sooner do we learn that the Russian Government has deviated for a moment into sound sense, than the next post brings us the news that it has relapsed into the old methods of mechanical repression. It is evident that the Russian citizen has lost faith in the Czar and his advisers, while the latter are afraid of what the people may do. Out of this turmoil it is impossible to prophesy what will come in the end. Were a capable leader to arise, it might be yet possible to save the Government from absolute annihilation; but as yet there have been no premonitions of his appearance.

It is not often that a country has occasion to celebrate the homecoming of a King, and history might be ransacked in vain to find a parallel to the rejoicings that have taken place in Norway. The restoration of our own King Charles is the nearest analogy we can think of for the moment; but the cases are entirely different. We had been without a King only during the lifetime of a single man, while it is 600 years since Norway had a King of her own. She may be congratulated on having obtained a Sovereign who promises to do her credit. King Haakon has made an excellent first appearance, and he begins his reign aided by the sympathy and friendship of all the most important Sovereigns of Europe, including King Edward VII. and the German Emperor. Nothing more auspicious could be imagined, and we trust that Saturday was the beginning of a long period of prosperity for our Scandinavian neighbour.

There is a considerable interest, of a rather sentimental kind, about the reception by the King of the Hellenes of the British executive committee of the Olympic games, which are to be held at Athens next April. The very name of Olympic games is itself suggestive of heroic times, and may give us pause in our criticism of the excessive cult of athletics by the Briton to-day, while we compare it with the fashion, in this connection, of the classic Greeks. We sometimes hear it said, by way of condemnation of a "pot-hunting" modern tendency, which, if it really exists, is, no doubt, to be greatly deprecated, that the old Greek athlete contended for a crown of bay leaves. But the fact is that he was regarded with an admiration to which modern enthusiasm for games and sport can show nothing equal. In that was his real reward. His statue was modelled by the most famous sculptor of the day, at a time when the art of sculpture was incomparably better than it ever has been since; and in this very excellence we see the really best justification of an estimate of the importance of athletics which showed even more lack of a sense of proportion than our own. But the athletes at the Olympic games of 1906 will be less lightly clad than in the days of the grand sculpture; but it is curious that the present-day sculptor takes no advantage of the opportunities which the modern athlete gives him.

On Wednesday morning an announcement was made of the composition and terms of reference of the Royal Commission of the Poor Law, the appointment of which was announced by Mr. Balfour some weeks ago. This body, apparently, will be called upon to enquire into the whole system of poor relief, beginning with the working of the Poor Law brought into operation some seventy or eighty years ago, and taking into account charitable and other organisations made for the purpose of dealing with those who are out of work and distressed. The Commission will be asked to report as to the alterations in the Poor Law which have become advisable. The chairman of the Commission will be Lord George Hamilton, and this appointment ought to meet with general approbation, as for the time being he is dissociated from political partisanship. Sir Samuel Provis, Sir H. A. Robinson, and Mr. Patten Macdougall will represent the expert knowledge of the Local Government Board in England, Ireland, and Scotland respectively. On the whole, we think the composition of the Commission will meet with general approbation.

Encouraging reports reach us from all quarters showing that we are gradually approaching a period of the greatest commercial activity. The latest news of an important revival of trade is from the Midlands. In Leicester orders are described as pouring in for hosiery. They are said to originate for the most part in the Colonies, but, as they arrive through the agency of London shippers, it is not easy to say with certainty. Still, it is definitely known that very large orders have come from New Zealand, Australia, Canada, and South Africa. Many of the mills are reported as working overtime. Great activity also prevails in the pottery trade of North Warwick, and it is said that the furnaces in Newcastle-under-Lyne are not sufficient to supply the demands made upon them. Much of this stir seems to arise from the long-delayed development of South Africa, and it would appear as though the war at last were beginning to bear fruit.

THE SUNDIAL ON THE BRIDGE.

A moss-grown pillar lifts on high
A dial quaint, on whose worn face
Whoever will may pause and trace
Its message to the passer-by.
It shows life's hours like shadows fly:
Gives counsel wise all should apply;
So lighter thoughts to grave give place
On Wilton Bridge.

Placed where much beauty charms the eye,
These piers both Time and tide defy,
Builded of old with massive grace,
And though men pass with hurried pace,
Content to rest and dream am I—

On Wilton Bridge!

C. M. PINE.

The last week has been noteworthy for one of the most terrific storms ever experienced on these islands. The weather up to last Saturday was beautiful; but rain in the South of England fell during the whole of Sunday, and about six o'clock in the evening a very strong gale, accompanied with torrential floods of rain, broke over the counties lying south of the Humber. In the Channel the weather was terrible, and accounts are still coming in of grave mishaps to various vessels. Curiously enough, they have been heard of with a sense of relief. A rumour got abroad on Monday morning that the storm had produced an almost unheard-of calamity, but luckily this proved to be baseless. As a matter of fact, less damage has been done than might have been expected. It is fortunately the season of the year at which only those ships which are compelled are afloat, and it being Sunday night, comparatively few fishing craft were exposed to the gale. At this season of the year agriculturists expect storms, and they are not as a rule very injurious to farms.

With Christmas approaching so closely, the period of fat-stock sales has now begun, and that at Birmingham was a very decided success. There were two points about it which deserve mention, the first being the prizes won by King Edward VII. Under his ownership, the fairest herds and flocks are sustaining brilliantly the reputation won for them under the late Queen, while those at Sandringham are in no way inferior. The King has re-established the Hereford as a beef-producing animal, which has, for the time being at least, eclipsed the previous superiority of the Aberdeen-Angus, and the crosses from it. The second point is, that the judges on this occasion have shown a decided preference for clean and well-made animals, as against the masses of fat for which the prizes used to be adjudged. It is a welcome

change. The extremely fat beasts that used to be produced for exhibition were not really serviceable to the butcher, for whose use they were nominally reared, as the consumer in these days will not have meat that is too fat.

The fishing-boats that annually come southward for the herring catch have now "turned again home," and they carry with them a record of one of the best seasons ever experienced. A Scottish authority estimates that the total earnings must have come to about £35,000 for six weeks' work in the North Sea. The herring-boats are said to have made from £200 to £600 apiece, while the steam trawlers have earned sums ranging from £400 to £1,200. This is indeed a harvest for them to take home, and we may anticipate that the thousands of girls from the North of Scotland and the Orkney and Shetland Isles will have a merry Christmas before them as they come back with their pockets full of high wages. The account furnishes an interesting and practical record of the habits of the herring, which for some time past appeared to have deserted many of what used to be their favourite haunts in the Northern part of our seas, and have come South in astonishing numbers. Whether this is a mere vagary on their part, or is susceptible to scientific explanation, some of the ichthyological experts may, perhaps, be able to determine.

A very pitiful story comes from the Arctic regions. It appears that eleven whalers have become fixed in the ice, and the difficulties attending their release are almost insuperable. For one thing, the vessels are over 100 miles apart, and the very ice which imprisons them forms an obstacle to the approach of any other vessel. There are 440 men and 2 women on board these vessels, and they are threatened by the two evils experienced by those who have made expeditions to the North Pole—scurvy and hunger. The hardships have always been very great even in the case of vessels specially equipped by the Government with a view to withstand the rigours of the Arctic winter; but these unfortunate vessels do not possess the resources of such ships, and the gravest fears are entertained as to the fate of the crews.

The woman's club for a long time past has been a settled institution, and the jests which used to be made about such places fifteen or twenty years ago seem almost antediluvian when recalled. Now that the Bishop of London has made a speech in their favour at a luncheon given to him by one of the newest and most popular of the women's clubs, we may take them as a settled part of the constitution. Nor could it very well be otherwise; so many London women are engaged in the same work as men, in medicine, art, literature, and business, that they require much the same kind of conveniences that men do. If they had no clubs, they would be obliged to take their food and spend much of their time in restaurants and other places of a similar nature. During the years in which they have been in existence these clubs have vastly improved. We very well remember how deficient the first of them were in the ordinary features of comfort. Now there is little to distinguish them from similar resorts for men. They have their public and private rooms, reading, and even smoking rooms. Their cookery is at least adequate, and a male visitor feels just at much at home within their walls as he would in his own club. There can be no doubt that Dr. Ingram is quite right to recognise facts as they are, and to acknowledge that the woman's club has an important part to play in the social life of the present time.

During the past week two interesting meetings have been held in London, which had for their common object the preservation in something like its present beautiful condition of certain lovely scenery, in regions widely far apart, which, perhaps, has not its like in Europe. On Wednesday a meeting was presided over by Sir Martin Conway, at Sion College, to protest against the destruction of the beauty and peace of Alpine scenery by excessive enterprise in the way of hotel and railway building. Sir Martin Conway, who is a past president of the Alpine Club, was supported by its present president, the Bishop of Bristol, Mr. Justice Wills, Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Clinton Dent, and others who know and love the Alps. There exists in Switzerland a league formed for the purpose of checking this disfiguring tendency, which is unwise, even from the financial standpoint, for it is already keeping people away from that country. The league includes the President of the Swiss Confederation and many members of the Government. On the following day a meeting of the National Trust was held at the Royal United Service Institution, with Sir Robert Hunter in the chair, at which the Poet Laureate moved a resolution, seconded by Miss Octavia Hill, approving the efforts of the National Trust to acquire Gowbarrow Fell for the nation. Of the £12,000 required for its purchase, some £10,800 has been already subscribed; so that it is hardly to be thought that so beautiful a national asset will be permitted to be lost through failure to secure the small balance still requisite.

The affairs of the Royal Botanic Society seem to have got themselves into that curious and not altogether satisfactory condition which in natural science we should call one of arrested development. For a long while past the financial position of the society has been giving cause for anxiety, for the very natural and familiar reason that expenditure has been larger than income. At a crowded meeting of the Fellows of the society held last week, with Mr. Pembroke Stephens, K.C., in the chair, the subject of discussion was the Council's proposal that the subscription be raised from two guineas to three. The chairman reported that a plebiscite of the Fellows had been taken, and that more than three to one of those who had replied had been agreeable to the increased subscription. A ballot was taken on the question, with the result that 131 votes were given in favour of raising the subscription, to 44 votes registered against it, and, according to the constitution of the society, which requires a three-fourths majority for effecting a change of this kind, the proposal was lost by a single vote. The matter at present therefore stands thus—that the continued existence of the society and of its most pleasant grounds are in considerable peril, in consequence of a provision of its constitution which prevents the passing of a resolution which is favoured by a large majority of its members. Doubtless, certain checks on over-hasty reform are desirable; but, doubtless, too, they often stand in the way of reforms for which the time is very fully ripe. And fate seems to be in an ironical mood when such an *impasse* as this is created by a single vote.

GIPSY GLAMOUR.

Dark firs upon Windhover stood round me in a ring;
The dusk lay on the hillside, the dew lay on the ling;
When the fox-red beeches and the swarthy merry-tree,
And the wind across the heather threw their glamour over me!

The grass around Windhover lies weather-swept and bare;
By night I dream of a dark lass with the rough wind in her hair;
By day I follow wheel and hoof across the barren land,
For the rain and firs a-rocking and a rouni's tawnie hand.

Red fires beyond Windhover blaze round me on the moor;
Wild faces rise to greet me by grey kabitka door;
Now with the kettle swinging, the withy and the knife,
And the Romany rakro on my lips I travel on for life!

Gold gorse upon Windhover blooms round me in a ring;
A kestrel skirts the hillside, the light lies on the ling;
And the honey-brown hazels and the rose-stained merry-tree,
And the wind across the heath have gained the heart and soul
of me!

ALICE E. GILLINGTON.

The recommendation suggested in the newly-issued report on Elementary Education deserves full support. Already a number of women inspectors have been organised under the Hon. Maude Lawrence, but we are of opinion that this idea might be very largely extended. The best modern thought is entirely against teaching too much to very young children. A proper system of education would develop their minds and bodies rather than cram them with facts at a period of life during which they can scarcely be said to be out of the nursery. Obviously a good inspector would make no attempt to test the knowledge of these children, but would be content to know that they were healthy in body and in mind; that is to say, growing up bright, intelligent, and gradually becoming ready to fall to their lessons with a will as soon as they reach a sufficiently mature age for them to do so. Now as far as infants are concerned, women ought in the very nature of things to be much better judges than men whether they are being properly cared for or not; and it would be not unwise to throw the inspection of infant schools entirely into the hands of women.

Mr. John Burns, whatever may be his merits or his defects, as the representative of Labour, is possessed of a considerable amount of common-sense, and he used it to good purpose the other night in giving the children at Battersea some advice about games. Like many others of us, Mr. Burns is not particularly pleased at the huge crowds which assemble to watch games like football and cricket, and he has no particular sympathy with those who devote the whole of their lives to either of these pastimes. He is fond of games, and thinks that healthy boys ought to, and always will, play them; but he warned his hearers not to make too much of excellence in a mere pastime. The object of playing a game is to provide recreation and exercise, as a relief from the hard work of the world, and we believe this work will be all the better done on account of it. The case of President Roosevelt is one in point. He would never have been such a vigorous politician if he had not been so much addicted to field sports. But "keep your pastimes subordinate to the work of your lives," is the message that Mr. John Burns tells to his young friends.

THE SEASIDE IN WINTER.



G. A. Carruthers.

A THREATENING SUNSET.

Copyright.

COMPARATIVELY few people can know the towns of the seaside during these winter months, in which the fashionable hotels are empty and the boarding-houses closed, although it is a fact that year by year one sees a tendency among visitors to stay longer. Previously, the end of August or the beginning of September saw a general return of visitors to town; now, it is by no means unusual for them to prolong their stay far into October, though, when the long, dark evenings come, as Mr. Browning sang or said, there are few, indeed, who venture to the remote parts of the seashore even for a week-end holiday. We of course except the shore-shooter, who, in the short days of winter, goes prowling about in search of birds. But what lures

him is not anything beautiful in the scenery or surroundings, but the flighting fowl and the long stretches of mud on which it is possible to obtain a shot. Those, however, who have set convention aside, and paid a visit during the months of November or December to the seaside, for the mere purpose of enjoying Nature, have been well rewarded. It may have been their lot to come when a heavy gale was blowing, and the mere sight of a winter sea is worth more than the discomfort which attaches to witnessing it. But in our English climate there are many days, even in midwinter, when scarcely a capful of wind blows, and the wavelets break as softly on the beach as they do during the long days of summer. A great change has taken place in the outdoor life of the neighbourhood; the birds that haunt the sea in winter do so for food only, and there is none of the vast crowds that assemble during the nesting season. Here and there a few gulls or terns may be seen hovering over the water, or picking up morsels of food from the wet sand.

Now and again, a flight of geese or duck, after whirling round for some time, will settle in great flocks on the water, where it looks to the amateur as if they could be easily shot. But they seem instinctively to know when the spectator is armed with a gun, and when not. If unmolested, they are bold and confiding, so that the observer has no difficulty whatever in watching their flight and habits; but, unfortunately, there are few parts of our coast to which the wanton shooter does not resort, and even the gulls are not safe from him. This, in time, they learn, and develop a wildness and wariness that render anything like a close observation absolutely impossible. On the shore it is, where wind and sand acting



W. R. Barlow.

A CREEK IN THE SALTINGS.

Copyright.



A. Old.

“TENDER CURVING LINES OF CREAMY SPRAY.”

Copyright.



HERALDS OF THE STORM.

A. CLA.

Copyright.

together have formed those dunes that are so delightful to loll about on in summer weather, that the number of wild animals frequenting its solitary nooks is very greatly reduced. Now and again a burrow duck in its beautiful black and white plumage may be seen near the haunts where it nested in the splendid spring weather, but that is comparatively a rare sight. The rabbits now live in peace, and their holes are invaded neither by the sheldrake, nor the "sea parrots," that take possession of some of them during the brooding season. Here and there a small dark sea-lark, or rock-pipit, may be seen flying from one tussock to another, or flying from bush to bush of the gorse that still shows a sturdy green even in the wild winter climate. There is scarcely sufficient life to attract attention, and yet when the sun goes down and the dusk falls over land and sea, there is much twittering and chirping, as the smaller birds that frequent the dunes seek their resting-places for the night.

In places, too, a certain interest is aroused by the great flights of birds either on migration, or shifting from one feeding-ground to another. If we were asked what birds form the most numerous of these flocks we should be inclined to select the starling. They do not particularly frequent the seaside, and yet in walking along the shore we have many a time seen immense flocks of them darken the earth, as though they formed a great cloud between it and the sun. They were not crossing the water, but changing from one inland part to another, forming all sorts of figures, as they whirled and manoeuvred in the air. Such a sight makes one wonder at the tales that used to be told by aged rustics of the scarcity of this bird. There were men living until quite recently who remembered when the starling was considered a prize by the bird-catcher, and a tame one was thought to be of great value. It is probably during the last seventy or eighty years that the immense increase has taken place; but, of course, the starling has no particular seaside interest. It is otherwise with the curlew, which has now forsaken its breeding haunts on moor and mountain, and comes to seek winter quarters by the seaside. His strange cry fits in curiously with that type of desolation which is never entirely absent from the seashore in winter-time. To some, indeed, the cry of the curlew is the most mournful of all the bird voices; probably because it is so closely associated with memories of long dreary shores, or wild and barren mountains. A much more silent visitor from the inland is the coot, which, during the spring breeding season, and in summer, may be seen on lake and river, with its companion, the moorhen. Its numbers, unlike those of the starling, seem to have greatly diminished of recent years, and we know of no student of natural history



F. E. Huson.

LOOKING SEAWARDS.

Copyright.

same problem, one, and perhaps the most beautiful, being the roseate tern.

who has given any adequate reason why the moorhen, a bird so like it in habits and character, should have multiplied, while the coot has decreased. A very similar problem is offered by the modern scarcity of the chough, once a familiar resident of many of our seaside cliffs, who lives very much in the same way as other members of the same family do. But while the rook and the jackdaw have swarmed over the land till they have become something of a nuisance and a plague to the farmer, their more brilliantly-coloured cousin has diminished to the verge of actual disappearance. Yet, in the old writers, choughs and crows were often alluded to as being equally numerous on the agricultural land of Great Britain, and, in fact, the same traps and engines were used for their destruction as for that of the rook. The raven, too, used to haunt the seacoast, and one would have expected that it would flourish equally

well with the carrion crow and the Royston crow, both of which may be seen along the shore looking out for the carrion which the sea occasionally throws up. But the raven is grown very scarce indeed, except it be on one or two of the shooting estates where it has been carefully preserved. Annually a few ravens' nests are built in the North of England, and some on the well-protected Scotch moors; but on the cliffs along the coast, where it used to be harried by the boys of an earlier generation, it no longer puts in an appearance. Why this is so it would be hard to tell. It would be as hard to tell as to explain why, of recent years, the jay has increased in numbers, while the magpie has become a rarity. We cannot believe that this is due entirely to the depredations of bird-nesting boys and collecting naturalists. No doubt, when a bird begins to be scarce, they hurry its extermination, but their efforts would be in vain against a race that was inclined to prosper and multiply. There are several sea-birds that present the

This question of bird life should offer suitable food for meditation as one walks along on the seashore, but, alas! in many parts of England there are suggestions for deeper turns of thought. The coast, at any rate, with which we are most familiar is almost invariably strewn with wreckage from the good ships who have succumbed to the gales of October and November, and here and there one sees half-embedded in the sand, on which it has been driven by the terrific waves, a sloop or schooner. It looks beautiful still, even in its uselessness, and the stoutness with which it has been built is evidenced by the number of years during which the ship so stranded will maintain all the outward appearance of being sound and strong. Indeed, it is no easy task to break her up, and the owners, or those to

whom the wreckage has been sold, often find it difficult to sell such a vessel for old timber. It remains there for years, a strange and pathetic memorial of storms which in too many instances have caused the loss of human life. A similar tale is told by the pieces of flotsam and jetsam thrown up by the waves on the sand, inducing thoughts of fair vessels gone to destruction, mariners shipwrecked, and the various other forms of distress incidental to the life of those who go down to the sea in ships.

FROM THE FARMS.

WILD POTATOES.

THE rage for speculating in potatoes at fabulous prices is, we trust, over. New varieties the gardener must have, as each old favourite gradually wears out; but the chances that any particular sort may not take kindly to the soil in which it is desired to grow it must ever be kept in mind, and any statement that such and such a potato is absolutely disease-proof should be taken with a liberal "dressing of salt." At the National Potato Society's show on November 23rd in Vincent Square a very interesting exhibit met the eye as one entered the room. Messrs. Sutton had brought together varieties of the wild potato collected from all the ends of the earth, and are and have been using them in crossing to inculcate hardiness and other improvements in their new strains. Very curious, indeed, was the dish of the Small White Fir Apple and the Black Potato from the Congo. The first of these should, in the hands of the *chef*, prove quite a novel feature of the

table. Among the favourites was to be seen the Up-to-date, which, from personal knowledge this season, we can state to be still in full vigour of bearing; and other exhibits that caught our attention were two lots of The Factor, grown by Messrs. Dobbie in Essex and in Scotland, while the heap of Scottish Triumph, weighing 147lb., which won the silver cup for total yield of any variety from twelve consecutive roots, lifted under supervision, in their earthy, unwashed condition, appealed very strongly to the practical gardener's eye. And now a word about the growth of potatoes from retarded sets. Has science any explanation to give of the fact that a tuber, set in a dark cellar, and *not covered with earth*, will go on producing fresh tubers of a total greater weight than its own? Where does the plant food come from? Is the chemical action inside the old tuber enough to account for the output, or are potato tubers able, like leguminous plants, to assimilate the free nitrogen in the air? The whole question seems to us to open up the way for new theories altogether as to the conditions under which this vegetable will thrive.

THE BIRMINGHAM FAT STOCK SHOW.

The present is the fifty-seventh annual show that has been held at Birmingham. The total number of entries was 326,

which, although not so large as that of 1903, is considerably above the average. But the judges are of opinion that the quality never was surpassed. His Majesty King Edward VII. showed two Herefords, three shorthorns, two Devon cattle from Windsor, and four pens of Southdown sheep from Sandringham. Not one of these failed to win a prize. Six firsts, four seconds, and one third prize have been carried off by the King, who also succeeded in taking the special prize for the best Hereford, the best shorthorn, and the best Devon in the show; and he also won all the challenge cups for the best beast in the show, with the Hereford steer, next to it being his shorthorn heifer; so that if His Majesty had not won with the Hereford, he still would have carried off the cup with his second string.

THE FARMER'S RABBIT PILE.

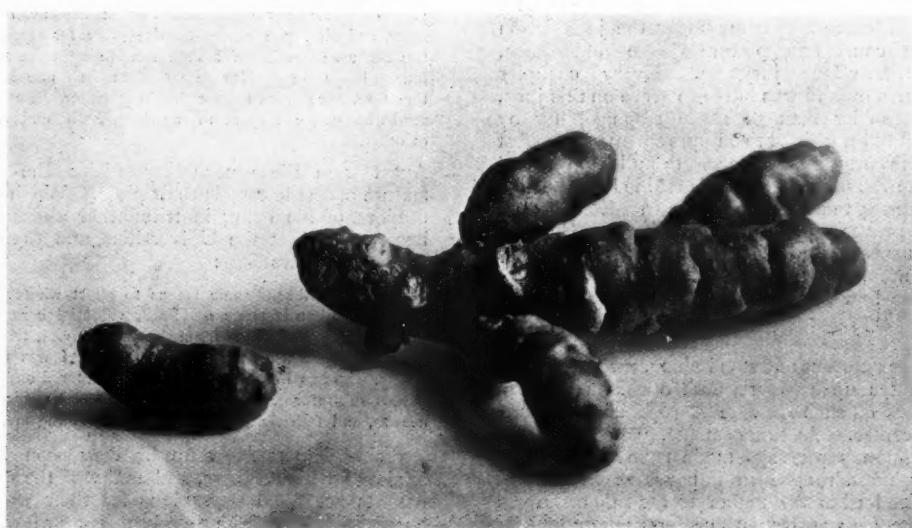
It is much to be wondered at that more small farmers do not try to supplement their income by keeping wild rabbits. On the fields where they grow crops this creature is both numerous and destructive. He is looked upon with very good reason as a pest for whom extermination is not too much of a punishment, and various plans of warrening have been put forth within the last few years, but not altogether suitable for the tenant of small holdings.

The erection of a rabbit pile is, however, a very simple matter. In the course of the year it is necessary for him to cut down his hedges, and the branches thus secured, if piled together, will make an excellent pile. One mistake has to be guarded against. Sometimes it is thought that the rabbit wants plenty of room inside the pile, and the common way of building it is to drive a stake into the ground and place five or six

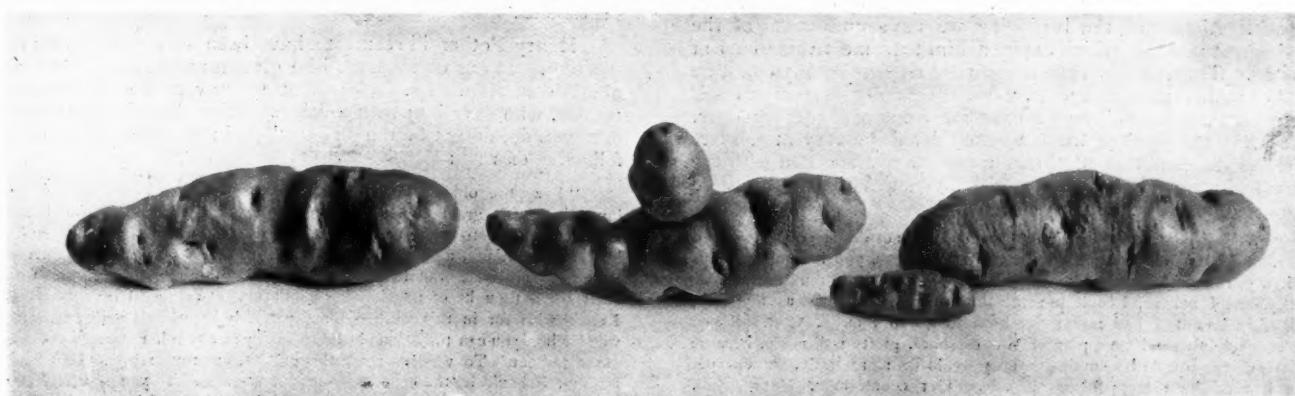
faggots round it. Now this is a fatal error. It is true that the rabbit has plenty of room, but so has the wandering cat and the stray terrier, who as soon as there are young rabbits in the pile will enter and kill or chase them away. The fundamental principle is that the pile cannot be made too close. The rabbit will always manage to bore in somehow, and the greater difficulty he experiences the safer he will be from his enemies.

PROFITS OF THE PILE.

When the rabbit pile has been made a good plan is to introduce very young rabbits. They will bore their way far enough below the branches to make themselves safe, and if a little wire-netting is placed round for a week or two they will soon become accustomed to their new refuge, and refuse to leave it. Here, then, the small holder has obtained a small warren that may correspond to his dovecote. If he has done this on a piece of semi-waste ground, so much the better, as the expense will not be felt. But even on fairly good ground the rabbits will prove a very profitable crop; all that is necessary is to leave them to themselves as much as possible during the breeding season, and till the time comes when rabbits



SMALL WHITE FIR APPLE POTATO (NATURAL SIZE).



Large White Fir Apple.

Red Fir Apple.

Small White Fir Apple.

Black Congo.

WILD POTATOES (ABOUT HALF LENGTH).

bring the maximum price in the market. There is no expense to speak of, and very little trouble about catching them; all that is necessary to be done is to place nets round the outside of the pile and send in the ferrets. In that case, the rabbits will not be mangled, as is too often the case when shot, but will be in such

fine condition as to come to the market and bring the best price obtainable. Practically speaking, this would mean, in average years, about two shillings a couple, and those who have tried the experiment inform the writer that it has paid them better than many other patent devices for making money on a small holding.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

BY the publication of such a painstaking record as that of *The Fothergills of Ravenstonedale* (Heinemann) the general reader is put in possession of much information that would not be otherwise obtained. Ravenstonedale, or Rossendale, runs almost due north and south among the hills opening out into the fertile plain which stretches towards Carlisle on the one hand, but narrowing in on the other until abruptly stopped by the mountain of Wild Boar Fell. It was still a very lonely, isolated place up to the middle of the nineteenth century. This account of it adds not a little to our knowledge of mediæval England. Thus it had its own special court, which sat in the church, and at which local offenders had to be tried before they came under the jurisdiction of the sheriff. This court had power of life and death, and consisted of twenty-four jurymen. Every occupier of a house with four acres of land was liable to serve on this jury, and should any householder seek to evade responsibility by building a house which did not fulfil the requirements in respect of this, the Four-and-Twenty had the power to pull it down and exact a heavy fine from the owner. Those qualified were called "Estatesmen," and in 1734 there were 180 of these Estatesmen, the valuation of their property amounting to £1,958. By 1877 they had dwindled to seventy. We wish that Frances McLaughlin and Catherine Thornton, who have done their editing so excellently, had told us how this change came about. Was it owing to the loss of free grazing by the passing of Enclosure Acts?

The clock-tower was curious; it stood alone, away from the main building, and rested upon pillars, with openings between them at equal distances on each side. The rope of the refuge bell hung from the centre. Announcements, "calling of the bargains," were in pre-newspaper days made from the old sundial in the churchyard, and ranged in importance from legal documents issued by the lord of the manor to the sale of an old woman's mangle. The fee was threepence for each announcement. Among the church officials was a "dog whipper," who tried as far as possible to keep dogs out of the church and maintain order among those who entered. The founder of the house of Fothergill was George Fothergill, a Norman baron, who received from William the Conqueror a grant of the entire valley, and allotting the rest to his followers, retained for himself Tarn House and the land surrounding it. This Fothergill was a man of great standing, who married Isobel, sole daughter of William Aubrey of Follen, and had in her right the manors of Granton, Hovingham, Pickering, and many others.

The bulk of the letters are addressed by George Fothergill to his parents at Lockholme, and are chiefly interesting because of the vivid and detailed account they give of University life in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was a time when arrangements were made for the accommodation of many poor students, and hence the many grades at the University, of Gentlemen Commoners, Commoners, Taberdars, Servitors, and Poor Children. George left home at sixteen, to enter college with a scholarship from Appleby Grammar School. His first letter is written from Kendal three months before he went up to Oxford. He rode to college on horseback, in company with the carrier, who, we are told, was making his midsummer journey, and who seems to have acted as escort, baggage porter, banker, and postman to many young men proceeding thither out of the dale. The journey occupied about a week. Almost at the beginning we have intimations of the boy's great poverty, which exposed him to some tribulations at Oxford. Thus, in his first letter from college he says that he needs another pair of sheets, "and none in college but myself wear yarn stockings," so he asks for some good jersey ones. The following passage from a letter dated January 21st, 1722, discloses the condition of things more often associated with the youths who went to the Scottish Universities than with those who attended Oxford:

"When I consider your circumstances I cannot desire you to send so much, and I believe less would serve till midsummer, and it would perhaps strain you to send ten pounds. I can scarce ask you to send me a little money, but, I believe, I could in some things lay it out as well as my tutor, and, when I want, I had rather not have to go to him. . . . if you can conveniently send me a pair or two of shoes, pretty well made, because summer seems now to be coming. They would be more lastly, and cheaper than I could have them here. . . . Our countryman, Henry Hall, gives his service to you, and desires me to put you in mind of your promise to send him a little hung beef with the carrier, and if you could have sent me a collop, it would be very good. If I live till Easter I shall be glad of news."

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

In 1723 he was admitted a Servitor, which carried an income of £8 with it, but "the holder had to wait upon the Gentlemen Commoners at mealtimes, carry in their commons from the kitchen, and their bread and butter out of the buttery." As Servitor he had also to call up three Commoners to early chapel, at 6 a.m., who were willing to pay extra for the service, and by this means he earned another £5 per annum. He did not get the Appleby Scholarship until the following year. During the whole time he was in Oxford this worry about money matters continued. Thus, on February 2nd, 1723, he writes:

"I humbly beg and entreat you not to think much if I should desire you to send seven or eight pounds, or six, if you cannot well spare more for my tutor, and what you can well spare more for myself. I hope you will not think it unreasonable if I should desire a guinea this time, since I laid out four shillings for an Horace out of my half one last time, and would not, therefore, have much left for this long winter. But if you will be pleased to send what you can spare to my tutor, I will endeavour to make some shift or other."

Apart from these pecuniary affairs the most distinguishing feature of the letters is their piety. We hear of him attending prayers, of his being in tribulation about the temptations that beset a youth at the Universities, and there are many passages such as the following:

"God will send some means to effect whatever He sees necessary. I have just had an instance of His Providential care since I had wrote a great part of this letter, which I am the more joyful, the more thankful for, as I know my joy will be the joy of you all. I was this morning sent for by a lady, who has brought her son to be entered under Mr. Steadman, and to have a sub-tutor of his recommending, and he, according to his great goodness to, and fatherly care of me, recommending me, I was pitched upon."

Still, as he grew up he very soon began to display an anxiety for his brothers, and many of the communications to his parents are filled with plans for their welfare. Some of the letters received from his brothers are of the very greatest interest. From one, which is supposed to have been written to George, at Oxford, we take the following curious extract, as it throws a very singular light upon the general attitude of the followers of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." When we read the Jacobite songs, and the more or less dithyrambic accounts of the Jacobites, they place a romantic halo round the ill-fated expedition to Derby; but here is a realistic description of the Scottish prisoners as they were beheld in the North Country:

"There were, indeed, betwixt seventy and eighty prisoners gleaned up about Penrith, but I could not think their being taken was much owing to that little action at Clifton, but to the greatness of their fatigue, occasioned by the rapidity of their flight."

What made me give the more into this opinion was the sorriest of the prisoners. I saw the poor wretches brought into Appleby, little, ill-looking creatures, their heads and feet quite bare, and the most wretched rags on the rest of their bodies, far from sufficient to cover them; their arms were close to their sides, and they bound two and two together.

Pricked along by their drivers, scoffed and hooted at by the rabble which ran in multitudes about them, their feet all wreathed with clods of mire, mixed with blood; ready to faint with hunger, and the horror of their condition, and some of them, seemingly, much older than my father.

Notwithstanding the greatness of their crime, of which I have the greatest abhorrence, yet I could not help pitying the poor unhappy wretches. Never before did I see human nature move onwards under such a load of wretchedness."

Henry Fothergill seems to have been of a very lively disposition. In one of his letters he gives a most amusing account of his courtship. He had met at the tavern an old dancing-master, who gave him with much repetition this advice, "Whatever you do, do not be too forward," and the sequel is told in the following extract:

"I saw the old gentleman was in earnest, and followed his advice a long time with great exactness. At last when I thought it was become necessary for me to say something, I talked some ramble-scramble stuff of love and marriage, and I know not what. She, as you will imagine, was strangely surprised, wondered how I could think that ever she would entertain a thought of altering her condition. 'You see I have everything I could wish for in this world—I am perfectly happy as I am . . . I wonder how you can think I could be so happy in any other state as you see I am at present.' To which I made this gallant, amorous reply: 'God forbid, madam, I should be the cause of your unhappiness. If you sincerely think you are happier as you are, than you could be with me, I have nothing more to say.' A long silence ensued. All your fine set, studied speeches knocked on the head, and I have heard very little since of the happiness of her present state."

OLD KENT AND SUSSEX FIRE-BACKS.

So long as wood abounded the finest qualities of iron were smelted with charcoal, and it was amidst forests that the chief seats of the iron industry flourished. The forests of Dean, of Sherwood, and, above all, of the Weald of Kent and Sussex, were for upwards of a thousand years the "black countries of England." The greatest iron country was the Weald, and it needed, perhaps, nothing less than the devouring iron and glass furnaces to convert the vast and impenetrable Anderida Forest to pleasant



THE PLAGUE OF SERPENTS.

pastures and parks. For ages it interposed an impassable barrier between our ancestral denizens of London and their now delightfully accessible and popular Sussex coast.

Wayfarers who surmount the chalk downs which form on all sides, save that breached by the sea, the lip of the basin forming the present Weald, would formerly have gazed over a vast stretch of country under a pall of smoke, glowing with the reflection of countless fires at eve, and as blasted and blackened as anything to be seen round Wolverhampton at the present day. Iron ores, good for smelting, both arenaceous and argillaceous, cropped out everywhere temptingly, and under the very shadow of the trees destined to serve for fuel. Prolific



THE CRUCIFIXION.

streams abounded to drive the massive helle and tilt hammers, until the unsparing destruction of the woodland reacted on the once copious springs. The fires then ceased for ever; though some have imagined, to their cost, that the long-extinct foundries and furnaces of Sussex may yet be rekindled by the coal supposed to underlie the Weald.

The country, with its still numerous hammer-ponds, will ever be historically interesting as the cradle of the greatest of our national industries, and especially for the invention of the process of casting in iron. The discovery that iron, with its high melting point, could be liquefied like other metals by heat, and run into moulds, appears first in the Weald. This was in the days before the best of the nation had been sacrificed in the futile French wars, and the even more disastrous Civil Wars of the Roses, when English arts, crafts, and industries stood in a position vastly different to the abject state they afterwards fell to, and from which they barely began to emerge in the eighteenth century.

Mr. Starkie Gardner, in a paper published by the Society of Antiquaries, was the first to furnish a connected account of the history of iron-founding in England, from materials



A JACOBEAN FIRE-BACK.

gathered from the Weald. History, from existing examples, begins with the iron grave slabs, which are quite peculiar to the district, and is continued in the iron fire-backs, with which all are now so familiar. The earliest of these, of strikingly primitive make, are thick rectangular slabs, decorated with impressions of almost the first things that came to hand, most casually arranged. The best known have lions passant, crowned and uncrowned, impressed separately, and flanking small shields with crowned roses or other royal devices. Others have tools, ends of rope, and irons, and even the naked hand impressed on them; but the richest effects are obtained from odds and ends of wood-carving



FLOWERS AND FRUIT.

repeatedly impressed over the entire surface. Later the crests of the leading families of Kent and Sussex appear heraldically disposed, and finally scriptural and political subjects, and commemorations of the universal joy on the restoration of the Stuarts, and even the advertisement of an enterprising founder in Jacobean costume. These were accompanied by andirons to go with them, made as rectangular pilasters with caps and bases on an arching foot. An enormous pair existed at Cowdray, and there are well-known examples at Leeds and Penshurst Castles.

Though the history of casting is most easily traced in the domestic objects produced in the Weald, its crowning glory was the invention of cast iron for ordnance. Some of the oldest English guns, dating back even to the Black Prince, are found to have beautifully-moulded and finely-cast interior chambers of iron, served round with the bands and hoopings of wrought iron, which other nations had to make suffice alone for their guns. The production of guns wholly of cast iron does not seem to have suggested itself, strange as this may seem, until the time of Henry VIII. His vain-glorious sieges of Tournai and Boulogne required multitudes of cannon, and these were found to be most serviceable when of cast bronze, and such were cast for the King by foreigners at a cost of £74 per ton, many fine specimens marked with the makers' names being still preserved in the Rotunda at Woolwich. In 1543, one Ralf Hogge proposed to cast guns of the same patterns and calibres in iron at the vastly different price of £10 per ton; and the King, having almost succeeded by his extravagance in exhausting an almost inexhaustible treasury, hailed the economy with delight, and at once despatched his expensive foreign casters to the Weald, to learn and assist in the process. Under these experts cannon-founding soon developed into a vast industry. We find noble families—the Dudleys, Percys, Nevilles, Brownes, Pelhams, and Sidneys—not disdaining to draw their revenue from iron or fuel,

much as at the present day. Further important developments in other directions might have followed. Cast-iron copings to the bridge at Rochester had been supplied as early as the fifteenth century. Unfortunately, however, an important contract was made with the great Lamberhurst foundry to supply the railings required for the new cathedral of St. Paul's, then approaching completion under Sir C. Wren. Whether these were to be executed in wrought or cast iron is still doubtful, but the price agreed was 8d. per lb., that for cast fire-backs at the time being little over 4d. They were supplied mainly in cast iron, and the cost exceeded the enormous total, for the time, of £11,000. The opposition to their erection and the chagrin of Wren presumably prejudiced and delayed the introduction of cast iron for railings and gates for almost a century. This was, perhaps, fortunate for our glorious Weald, which has now become as sunny and fair and fertile as it was once smoky and grimy and barren. Sylvan and pastoral, picturesque and accessible, the Weald is now, perhaps, the most favoured residential country of England.

IN THE GARDEN.

A NOTE ABOUT HARDY FLOWERS.

THE dry and sunny days of winter must be taken advantage of for planting hardy perennials and making and remodelling the hardy-plant borders. A day lost at this season is serious to the man who wishes to flood his garden with flowers during next year, as a prolonged frost may begin at almost any moment and stop outside work. It is for this reason we advise those who have not consulted some good catalogue or book to do so. Once again we may remind our readers of the great help to be obtained from "Kelway's Manual of Horticulture," which is, as it represents itself to be, a very handy gardening guide. The nursery of this firm is at Langport in Somerset, and, as we have already pointed out, there is no fairer spot in the country than this when the flowers are in the full flush of their summer beauty. The manual is not only a record of the varieties raised by Messrs. Kelway, but the flowers, fruits, and vegetables of other growers are mentioned, so as to make the book of a quite general character.

COLCHICUM SPECIOSUM ALBUM.

There are few better-known autumn-flowering bulbs than the Colchicum, and *C. speciosum* is the most handsome, its big goblets of rosy colouring standing out clearly in the border or wherever they are placed; but the beautiful white form is a rarity which we hope, however, will not long remain so. At the recent great horticultural show in Edinburgh, Messrs. Wallace and Co. of Colchester showed a mass of it with the type. The pearly white flowers are of great beauty, and associate well with those of the ordinary form. It is a bulb we recommend strongly for the autumn garden.

RABBITS BARKING TREES.

We were looking through the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society recently, and came upon the following seasonable advice for the keeping away of rabbits: "A Fellow enquires how best to protect young trees from rabbits. The best way, no doubt, is to wire them round with small-meshed wire at a distance of 6in. or 8in. from the stem, taking care to let the wire go down at least 6in. below the surface to prevent the rabbits burrowing under, and having it high enough to keep them from leaping over. Save, however, with a few specimen trees, this is generally considered too expensive, and, as a rule, tar is used instead. But tar is not always satisfactory, as it sometimes itself kills the trees, particularly if applied after the rabbits have commenced to bark them. In any case Stockholm and not gas tar should be used, and a better plan than putting it on the young trees is to drive in a few stakes round the stem and smear them with the tar, as rabbits have a great dislike to their fur sticking to anything. We have found the following preparations very useful for the purpose: (1) Davidson's composition, made by a Leith firm; (2) a teaspoonful of tincture of assafoetida in half a bucketful of liquid soil applied with a brush, perhaps twice during the winter; (3) a mixture of lime, water, and cow manure, pretty strong, is excellent; so is any strong-smelling grease."

RANDOM NOTES.

Abutilon vitifolium.—A more beautiful shrub for a warm wall it is difficult to find than the shrubby *Abutilon vitifolium*, which is a cloud of lavender-coloured flowers in the summer months. The writer has seen several bushes of it recently, and always with the keenest of pleasure, the big blooms, quite 3in. across, almost hiding the growth in their wonderful profusion. When the position and soil are suitable, although with regard to the latter it does not appear to be fastidious, the shoots touch the ground, and the whole plant is nothing but leaves and flowers. There is a white form, but we prefer the lavender-coloured, as the shade is so clear and unusual.

A Good Plant for the Wild Garden.—"I." writes: "Most effective now is a large group of *Senecio tanguticus*, with its handsome foliage and large feathery heads of small yellow flowers. Seen as an isolated specimen it does not commend itself, but when grown in quantity few things have a more telling effect or pleasing appearance than this plant, which is one of the recent introductions from China of Messrs. J. Veitch and Sons, through their collector Mr. Wilson. Whilst it will pay for good culture, it is quite happy in poor soil, spreading rapidly by means of underground runners. On this account it is scarcely a plant for the border, as it is likely to prove a troublesome weed, and somewhat difficult to eradicate after it has become established. In the wild garden, however, or in open woods where there is plenty of room, it is an ideal plant. Of stiff, erect habit, 5ft. or more high in good ground, it requires no staking except in windy or exposed positions. It also continues in flower for a considerable period, and does not quickly present an untidy appearance, like many other autumn-flowering plants of the Michaelmas Daisy type. The genus *Senecio* includes several handsome plants, of which

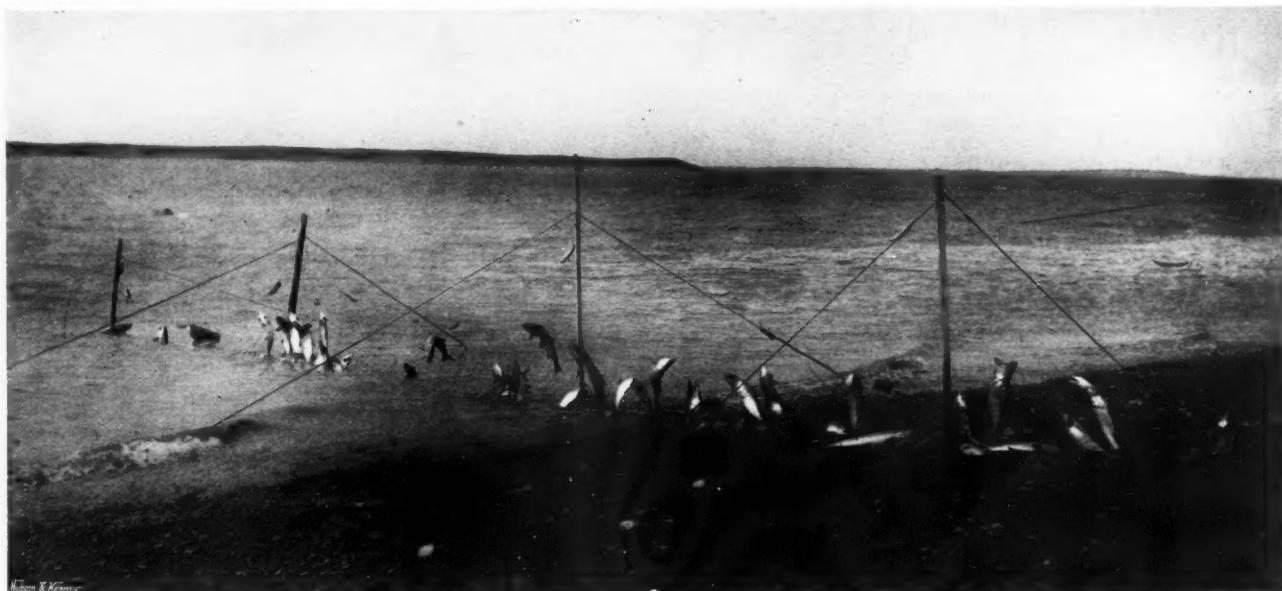
one of the finest now flowering is the recently-introduced *S. clivorum*. An earlier flowering plant of noble appearance and large glaucous leaves is *S. Ledebouri* (*Ligularia macrophylla*), with stout stems and large panicles of numerous yellow flowers in early summer. Both the latter enjoy a position where there is plenty of moisture."

The Ostrich Plume China Aster.—There is a group of China Aster which are so different from the squat, stiffly-shaped flowers we are accustomed to see, that at first sight they appear to be of another family. They more resemble the freest of the Japanese Chrysanthemums, and their colouring is peculiarly beautiful, especially when the shades are of lavender and mauve. We have no love for the Quilled, the Victoria, and varieties of that class; but the Ostrich Plume is even graceful when in flower, although the plant is not tall, but the heavy blooms of mauve and pink and white bend the stems. The desire for flowers that give billowy masses of colour is well gratified by a selection of the Ostrich Plume Aster, which are of great value for cutting for the house. The parent of the entire race is *Callistephus sinensis*, which is

much used in the summer garden for the sake of its tall stem and purple flowers. The seed should be sown in gentle heat in March, and the seedlings pricked off and grown on in pots, or the seed can be sown out of doors at the end of April in a cold frame. The coolest places should be reserved for the Aster, as they do not take kindly to hot soils. The true Aster is the perennial Starwort of autumn days.

Apple Rival.—This new variety was shown several times at the recent exhibition of fruit in the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall in Vincent Square, London. It was raised by that veteran gardener, Mr. Ross, who conceived the happy thought of marrying Cox's Orange Pippin, most delicious of Apples, and the large-fruited Peasgood's Nonsuch. The result is a combination of the best qualities of the two fruits, with the pronounced sweetness of Cox's Orange. Rival is a very shapely, prettily-coloured Apple, bears abundantly, and is one of the most striking of recent additions to the new varieties. As this is the planting season, a note upon its excellent qualities may induce those who find a delight in trying novelties to purchase a tree or trees.

A PACIFIC SALMON CANNERY.



LEAD NET WHEN THE RUN IS ON.

HAVING made a cursory mention of the varieties of the Pacific salmon in an article in this paper on September 23rd, it may be of interest to review some of the various modes adopted for their capture, and

how they are packed in tins to be afterwards sent all over the world. For the purpose of illustrating how the work is carried on in a big cannery, no better example can be given than that of one of the great canneries now operating in Alaska. Having paid several visits at various times of the year to different canneries in the Pacific and Bering Sea, I have no hesitation in selecting for this purpose the Kussiloff Cannery in Cook Inlet. And more particularly I do so, because I was entertained there most hospitably by the manager, Mr. H. M. Wetherbee, who

kindly furnished me with many of the notes and details which follow.

The principal mode adopted for catching the salmon is either by fixed traps, or by dragging with seine and gill nets. Turning to the first-named method, we find two kinds of traps in use on the coasts of Cook Inlet. A trap is composed of nets and wire netting, held in position by a number of large piles

driven into the ground under water. It is placed in the sea generally near the mouths of rivers where the fish run. The whole construction is somewhat on the principle of a maze, the sides of which are composed of nets, and into which the fish are induced to run by means of what is called a lead. Traps can be constructed to catch fish from one or both sides. In the first diagram a drawing is given of what is known as the ordinary beach trap. The general idea of the trap is seen at a glance, but a brief description of it is as follows. In the first place it should be understood that the structure of the trap is such that at high water the whole upper edge of the netting is above the water level. The lead is a straight and solid barrier, to arrest the run of salmon which may come from either side, and it is erected at right angles to the beach. This lead is usually about 200 yards in length, if the depth of the water will admit of the construction of the trap at so great a distance from the shore. On striking the lead whilst following the coast, the run of salmon is deflected, and directed into the trap, finally reaching the pot, whence, owing to the shape of the approaches,

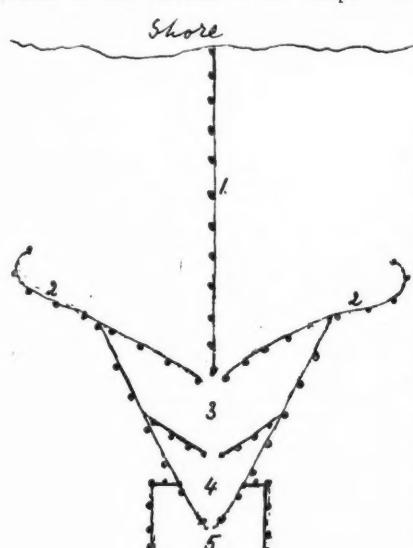
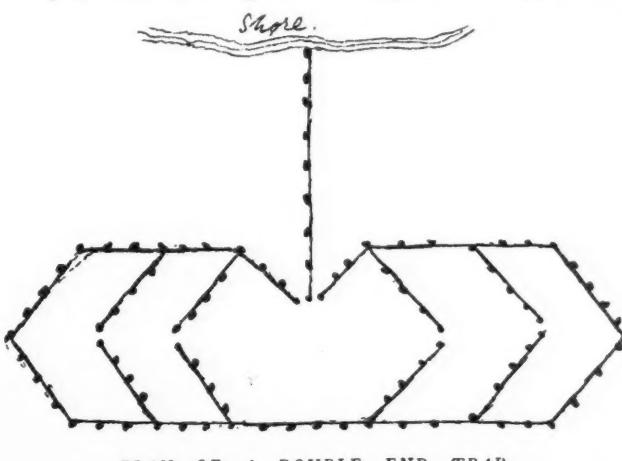


DIAGRAM OF BEACH TRAP.
1. Lead. 2. False wings (jiggers). 3. Outer heart. 4. Inner heart. 5. Pot.



PLAN OF A DOUBLE END TRAP.

egress is very difficult. The pot is a kind of pocket, composed of netting at the bottom and sides, and is about 24ft. square. The whole of this pocket can be raised by means of a windlass, with block and tackle. This is done twice daily, at low tide, when the trap is cleared and its contents of salmon transferred into a large flat-bottomed scow, which is brought up to the pot and there loaded with fish. The second form of trap used is known as the double end trap (second diagram). This one is used in places where the beach is shelving and the ordinary beach trap would not be suitable. All traps have their advantages and disadvantages. In their favour, it may be said that they catch fish by day and by night, and do not need men working at them all the time. They hold the fish alive until cleared twice daily. The disadvantages are that they are expensive to make, and require a lot of timber to construct. They are very destructive to all kinds of fish which get caught in them and are not required for canning purposes, as, although the traps can be opened to let the fish out, this is not often done. Also, on the shores of Alaska, in such places as Cook Inlet, the piles have

to be drawn every autumn on account of the ice and put in again in the spring.

working with a double line of machinery, is about sixty per minute. The actual time occupied between the arrival of fish on the wharf and their emergence from the other end of a long line of machinery packed in tins, is less than 20min. Mr. Wetherbee informed me that he could undertake to treat a single fish in this way in about 3min. or 4min. The following figures will give an idea of what is implied when I speak of vast numbers of fish caught. It may be stated *en passant* that the Kussiloff Cannery is, comparatively speaking, a small one, when we consider some of the larger ones, such as are found on the coast of Alaska in Bristol Bay.

At Kussiloff the total pack of salmon put up in about nine or ten weeks' fishing during 1903 was 45,000 cases. The majority of these fish were the Alaska red salmon, although, of course, a number of king and silver salmon are also caught there. On an average it takes the best parts of some thirteen or fourteen red salmon to fill the forty-eight tins of 1lb. each which go to compose one case. Therefore, the total weight of fish packed was 964 tons; and since as much again in weight is thrown away in offal as is packed in tins, the total weight handled in the cannery must have been over

1,900 tons of fish. Again, reckoning fourteen fish to a case, the actual number of fish passed through the cannery machines



SCOWS UNLOADING AT CANNERY WHARF.

Seine nets are used for dragging in the open sea when the salmon are seen jumping and approaching the river mouth. These nets are of considerable length, and require the use of steam launches to drag them. They are hauled on shore by means of a steam winch. The size of mesh in a seine is about 4in. at each end, and this measurement is decreased to about 3in. in the centre of the net. By this means of fishing enormous hauls of salmon are sometimes made. On one occasion at Karluk, on Kodiak Island, which is the greatest place in Alaska for seines, the extraordinary catch of 100,000 salmon was made in one haul of the net.

Gill nets are used for drifting with the tide, and are usually worked by one man holding an end on the beach while the other end of the net is worked from a dory, which is an open fishing-boat. The sizes of mesh used in gill nets are about 6½in. for red salmon, and 9½in. for king salmon (these measurements are taken between the knots of mesh when stretched, and are not the square of the mesh).

The rate at which the Kussiloff Cannery turns out filled tins, when



SAILING SHIP CARRYING MEN AND GEAR FROM FRISCO TO CANNERY.



PART OF THE DAY'S CATCH JUST UNLOADED AT THE CANNERY.

must have reached the enormous total of 630,000 salmon in the season. I can only say in conclusion that such figures as these, when put before my brother anglers with a rod in European waters, makes us feel what the Americans call rather "tired." C. E. RADCLYFFE.

SPORT IN SCANDINAVIA.

THE two handsome volumes, "Flood, Fell, and Forest," by Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart. (Edward Arnold), consist of a series of essays on sport in Norway and Sweden, with the gun, rifle, and rod, commencing with an account of the adventures of the author so long ago as half a century, and terminating with the present year. Though many of the chapters have from time to time been printed in various magazines and papers, the author has been persuaded to bring them together and republish them in book form. For this we are grateful, as no work on Scandinavia has ever appeared that contains a better description of the fauna, flora, birds, fish, and animals of that peninsula.

The fact that a number of the essays have previously been read in papers and reviews is no detriment whatever to their reappearance. Articles on natural history and sporting, of most excellent descriptive writing, and abounding with information, constantly appear in periodicals, to be merely glanced at and then forgotten, or at best, perhaps, cut out and pasted, now and again, in a scrap-book that is eventually pushed away in the corner of some old bookstand.

Articles in newspapers have truly been compared, as regards their effect and influence, to "a sword-cut in water." Take, however, a collection of newspaper extracts on any branch of sport, whether hunting, shooting, or fishing, and jumble them together into the shape of a book, with suitable illustrations, and you will then, even though the contributors be of diverse opinions, and of several nationalities, have something that can be read with pleasure and profit, and which is, moreover, always at hand for reference. If scissors and paste can produce a readable and useful volume in the manner we have indicated—and many a popular book which could be named has been brought out in this fashion—there is no fear that the articles written by Sir Henry Pottinger need any excuse for seeing the light again in two well-printed and well-illustrated volumes.

We have made these remarks because Sir Henry rather suggests that the contents of "Flood, Fell, and Forest" may be of second-hand interest. That such is not the case we can assure the author, for though we have access to pretty nearly all that is published in regard to sporting, we have not seen any of the chapters in this work previously, and each one is, therefore, as it probably will also be to the great majority of readers, full of interest and novelty.

Sir Henry Pottinger, then, first visited Norway nearly fifty years ago, and it is interesting to read of the adventures he and his companion underwent, and in some instances suffered, in their search for game and fish in those distant days; days when an Englishman with rod and gun was regarded in some districts of Scandinavia as a wandering lunatic by the natives.

Referring to his first expedition across the North Sea the author writes: "I and John were young, I three and twenty, John a little older. We were both strong and athletic and in perfect health, disposed to make the best of everything, and to rough it to any extent; indeed, we rather gloried in the idea of possible difficulties." The travellers left Hull on July 3rd, 1857, in the little paddle-wheel steamer Courier of 250 tons, owned by Messrs. Wilson, and after being landed at Christiansand, proceeded *via* Bergen, Trondhjem, and Tromsö to the river Alten, a very different kind of journey fifty years ago to what it is now.

It is well known to Englishmen visiting Norway that, if mosquitos are prevalent on a river, that river is not worth renting or visiting, be the salmon ever so abundant, as these fearsome insects render life and enjoyment of sport out of the question. In a chapter entitled "The Realm of the Grey Terror," Sir Henry gives us a graphic account of the miseries he, his companion, his men, and his horses endured from mosquitos. What,



BEACH TRAP AT LOW TIDE.

indeed, will not Englishmen suffer in pursuit of sport, and here we have an example, for Sir Henry writes of his experiences when crossing an Arctic fjeld: "The warmth of the sun is rousing our deadly enemies, the mosquitos, into active warfare. Attacked as we are by a few score of viciously-piping skirmishers from the mighty host, we have, before advancing, to look to the joints of our harness and don our gauntlets; then, in descending the long slope towards our bivouac, the scores of the foe are gradually multiplied to hundreds, the hundreds to thousands, the thousands to myriads, till we are at length enveloped in a dense cloud of winged fiends. The horses are a distressing sight. From nose to tail, from hoof to withers, their unfortunate bodies are covered with what might be taken at a casual glance for grey blanket clothing, but which is really a textile mass of seething insect life, so closely set that you could not anywhere put the

point of your finger on the bare hide. For such small creatures, mosquitos exhibit an astonishing amount of character and diabolical intelligence. They will dash through smoke like a fox-hound through a bullfinch, creep under veil or wristband like a ferret into a rabbit-hole, and, when they can neither dash nor creep, will bide their time with the cunning of a Red Indian. We wore stout dogskin gloves, articles with which they could have had no previous acquaintance, and yet they would follow each other by hundreds in single file up and down the seams, trying every stitch in the hope of detecting a flaw." Sir Henry moralises: "The problem presents itself, why are these vermin so horribly bloodthirsty, and so perfectly formed for sucking blood? It is one of the great mysteries of Nature. On the uninhabited fjeld of Finmark they must, as a rule, exist on vegetable diet, the chance of blood so rarely occurs."

There is scarce a salmon river or lake in the north and west of Scandinavia that Sir Henry does not seem to have fished in, or a district for elk that he has not explored and shot in. Far away from roads, railways, and recognised tracks has been his route from the time when he first landed in Norway. He has never made comfort of quarters a desideratum when in search of salmon or elk, but has often, with tent and pack-horse, plunged into solitudes almost unknown save to the natives who there live, and, as a result, good sport has rewarded his tireless energy and endurance.

A great charm of his volumes is the frequent allusions we find therein to trees, flowers, and natural history, set down just as they impressed his mind without preamble or after-thought. Though ever intent on his sport, it is evident Sir Henry is an enthusiastic lover of Nature, for throughout both volumes there are constant references to the wild grandeur or softer beauty of his surroundings, some of his descriptions being admirable word-paintings of Scandinavian scenery. The illustrations of the various camps by lake and river, and of the many adventures with salmon and elk, are excellent, and give a realistic idea of a long and exciting career in search of sport in a wild, and sometimes partially unexplored, country.

For the last fourteen years, or since 1891, the author established his headquarters, when in Norway, at Mo on the Indre Folden Fjord, beyond Namsos, near the entrance of that long and remote sea inlet. He has here rented the sporting rights over an immense estate taken originally merely for elk-shooting, and about twenty miles in length and breadth. In the lakes and rivers of this great property superb salmon and trout have been caught by Sir Henry, and though his successes are many, he also tells of his misfortunes; for instance, he writes: "On September 5th, 1901, my daughter hooked on a spoon in the lake not far from Mo the biggest trout I have ever seen alive. It was my unhappy lot to lose it for her, but I had to contend with difficulties. With a powerful rod and a steeple trace she played it admirably, and after a long struggle brought it to the side of the boat, when we realised its immense size. It was then discovered we had no gaff with us, and I was obliged to do the best I could with a net. Into this I got the head and shoulders of the monster, but a hook of the triangle caught in the meshes of the net, and his huge body would not follow. I tried a despairing heave, the hold in the fish's mouth gave way, the net came out of the water with the spoon only in it, and—I was a miserable man; I am still so at times when I

think of that trout. What was its weight? I scarcely dare conjecture. Let me be moderate and say 25lb. And this happened on my daughter's birthday!"

One more instance of bad luck we cannot refrain from quoting; it is so vividly told by Sir Henry: "Last year, 1904, my old friend and then companion, Reginald Glanville, went out one afternoon to fish for an hour or two, and I, being lazy, did not take a rod, but sat and watched him; a real treat, for he is the finest caster I have ever seen. In the Mill Pool I saw him get a rise, as I believed, of grilse or sea-trout, a mere dimple; but directly afterwards there jumped clear out of the water a salmon, which I at once knew to be the biggest I had ever seen in the flesh except on a fishmonger's slab. During the long battle which ensued, the Titan repeated his leap three times, so that there was no mistake about his dimensions. Christian, the gillie, became, I saw, anxious and nervous, and I confess I was so too. But Glanville's handling of the rod was perfect; the fish was in due time wallowing helplessly in the strong current close to the bank, dead-beat and taking out line simply by sheer weight. Then occurred a terrible and inexplicable catastrophe. The reel which had worked

well all through the fight suddenly jammed, and not another inch of line would run, the gut cast snapped just above the fly, the exhausted monster rolled over, and was carried away by the stream. He was the fish of a lifetime! My friend, a most experienced angler, who has killed salmon nearer 50lb. than 40lb., allowed that never before had he had hold of a fish so big and so heavy."

Sir Henry writes that his recollections of Mo will therefore include three that are lamentable—the losses of the biggest bull elk, the biggest salmon, and the biggest trout that he ever saw; to which series of disasters he subsequently adds the loss, when wounded, of the biggest bear he ever shot at.

We must now take leave of one of the most interesting books we have ever read on wild sport and wild life, with the hackneyed phrase that no sportsman's library can be complete without it. From beginning to end its pages are stamped with a kind feeling to all with whom the author comes in contact, with fair play to beasts, birds, and fishes, and with a genuine and artistic appreciation of the glories of the mountain, lake, and river scenery he has for so long frequented. T.

IN THE GARDENS

THE very stately Bedfordshire seat which Earl Cowper inherited maternally from the second Earl de Grey has many claims to the attention of lovers of garden beauty, as the accompanying pictures will suggest.

The twenty-third Earl of Kent, Henry Grey, who in his larger dignity became Duke of Kent, and was the first and last of the Grey line to hold that title, loved Wrest Park above all his possessions. He adorned the grounds and gardens in all the taste of his time—he died in 1740—and the famous "Capability" Brown worked under his direction. Landscape beauties were unfolded, wooded steeps contrasted with open glades and a winding water; obelisks, temples, and other adornments were raised, and the Duchess, instructed by "an ingenious mathematician," surveyed the whole of the grounds, made a plan of them, and had it engraved. Here, says the chronicler, the Duke spent many convivial hours with some of the great statesmen who were his contemporaries, adjourning from the hospitable board to the bowling-green, and after his departure from the scene of his enjoyments cenotaphs were placed in the Wilderness to the memory of himself and his Duchess. The new delights were surveyed with enthusiasm from the advantageous situation of the Hill House, on a steep ascent, where the prospect of wood and

AT WREST PARK.

water, with herds of deer in the glades, was extensive and beautiful in the extreme.

Additions and changes have modified in some respects the character of the adornments, as will be seen from the pictures. Here we have the still canal, overhung by chestnuts and Indian elms, reflected in its placid mirror, and margined by great hedges, all clipped and shaven, for the need of sequestered enclosure, gained by the firm boundary they present; and their mass of colour, all doubled, hedge and shadow, to contrast with tree and sky, and with the green bank, well shorn at an angle for its hue in the sunlight. We should go far before discovering a fairer exemplar than is seen in the illustrations which accompany this note of the delights of garden quiet and solitude. And picture the enjoyment of passing from such a retreat into the broad and open park, over whose 500 acres of good pasture roam the fallow deer. So does Wrest Park present those contrasts of character which add so much to garden pleasure. From the days of the Duke of Kent and "Capability" Brown to the present time, the judicious hand of care and experience has shaped and directed the changing charms of the place. The house and park are in the parish of Silsoe, and lie some four miles south-east of Ampthill Station.



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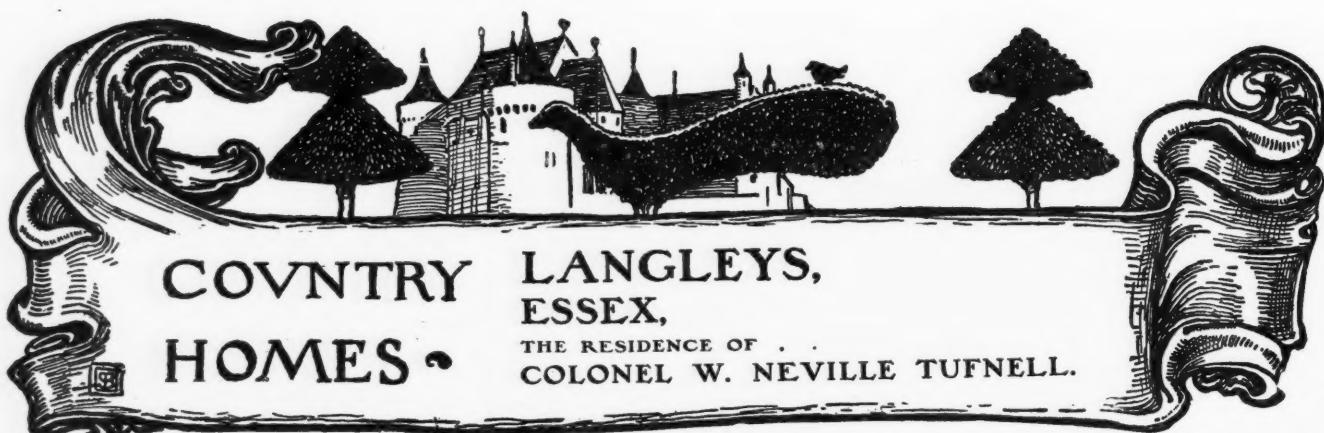
THE YEW WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

WREST PARK: THE LADIES' CANAL.



THE river Chelmer, at a ford of which Chelmsford has grown up, flows some five miles above that town through Great Waltham, a village on the tree bordered highway between Chelmsford and Braintree. It is no further from London than Southend, from which an army of active cockneys advance daily upon the City, but mid-Essex is as yet without even a week-end crowd to break its village silences. There is but a single parish between Great Waltham and those many Essex parishes which have Roothing for their name—Leaden Roothing, Margaret Roothing, Berners Roothing, and their fellows—and a winter day's ride amongst the lonely churches and belated manor houses of the Roothings is a strange adventure for those who reckon not how near to the skirts of the great city there is the peace of the wilderness. Essex, although it has surrendered a grimy corner to London, and given Epping for a playground, has no netting of railway lines, and few railway stations, and those who do not love progress, when it comes to them puffing and steaming, may find good harbourage in most of the Essex hamlets. It would seem that by the prosperous villa-renter Essex is condemned as the upland of the East End, and therefore London ends at Wanstead or Barking, beyond which is open country, with many an ancient church and stately house. For Essex is no treeless waste; the Essex flats and Essex marshes are but incidents of its features. It can show wooded slopes with the best, and the country in which Constable lived and painted has lost little of its characteristic beauty.

Of the manor of Langley in Great Waltham and of its manor house we can make that long history which is possible in a country which at the eleventh hour set itself to collect and arrange its national records. We know, then, that this manor was in old time called Marshal's Manor, from the name of its

old lords, the family of Marshal remaining here at least to the days of Edward III., when a certain William the Marshal was its lord. After the Marshals came the Langleys, from whom the manor took a new name; and soon after the time of Agincourt field John Langley did homage for it. At the end of the fifteenth century the Langleys had followed the Marshals, and their manor split in two halves, the Slixtons of Horndon having the one half and the Cornishes the other. The next manorial house is that of the Everards, in whom the halves were joined again, for Richard Everard had, in 1529, a conveyance of the Slixton moiety, and John Cornish and his wife granted their moiety to Thomas Everard of Waltham, who had married their only daughter. Thus Thomas Everard, son of a neighbouring squire at Good Easter, came to be lord of the manor of Langley *alias* Marshals, and thereupon he set about founding a family by begetting a line of sons and daughters.

When King James came from Scotland in 1603, making knights to right and left of him, one of those upon whose shoulders fell the honour-conveying sword-tap was the eldest son of the Everards of Langley. But Sir Anthony Everard, who lies under an arched tomb in Great Waltham Church, had no son by his lady; and his younger brother Hugh succeeded to the Waltham lands, and handed them on to a son Richard, the most historical figure of the family. Sir Richard Everard, although King Charles had made him knight and baronet early in his reign, had a republican mind. In the troublous days of 1643 he was a committee-man of the Parliament, which picked him as a safe man for sheriff of Essex at a time when he was busy with the work of raising that new model army which was to scatter Rupert's cavaliers. Both of his marriages have some interest, for by his first wife, Joan Barrington, he became allied to the house of Cromwell. His second wife links him with a strange



SOUTH FRONT.



figure, for she was grandmother by her first husband to old Sir Harvey Elwes of Clare, who has a distinguished place amongst those famous misers whose lives Mr. Wegg doled out to Mr. Boffin from the "Museum of Remarkable Characters."

Sir Richard Everard, like most of his surviving committee-men, made his peace with the restored Stewarts, and lived until 1680, leaving a son Richard to succeed him at Langley. This second baronet married twice, as his father had, one of his wives drawing him near to that Court which his father's friends had smitten, she being daughter of Finet, the master of the ceremonies to James I. and his son.

Sir Hugh, the third baronet, was when young a soldier with the army of Flanders. The recklessness of speech of that army is a proverb amongst us, and that it gave bad schooling to the heir of Langley is seen in the fact that from this time the hand of the Everards holds weakly to their encumbered estate. Nevertheless, he brought up three sons, and put them out in the world to serve the country. The youngest was killed on the Hampshire, fighting under the Lord Maynard, a kinsman of the family. The history of the second is told in an epitaph in Great Waltham Church, the short history of a lad who left Felstead School on September 24th, 1700, and within a week had sailed in a great tempest to convey King William from Holland. Two

title oversea to Georgia, and died there childless. The new lord of Langley, Samuel Tufnell, who was born in 1682, was descended from the Tufnails of Middlesex and Herts, who had possessions in those counties early in 1500. His father, John Tufnell of Monken Hadley, county of Middlesex, married Elizabeth, daughter of John Jolliffe, Esq., a burgess of Parliament for Knightsbury in Wiltshire. He was educated at Merton College, Oxford, became a barrister of the Middle Temple, was member of Parliament for Maldon and Colchester and Great Marlow in Bucks, and was one of the plenipotentiaries to assist at the Congress held at Antwerp for the regulation of trade. He married Elizabeth, daughter of George Cressener, a very ancient family of Mount Bures, in the county of Suffolk. He purchased the property, which then consisted of the house and eighty-seven acres of land, in 1711. Dying in 1756, his successor discovered £150,000 and three caskets of jewels behind the books in the old library (represented herewith), the former having been sold out of the funds for the purpose of purchasing further estates in the county, and which now include the ancient manors of Walthambury, Chatham Hall, and Sparhawks, the Court Rolls of which, dating back to 1370, have only recently been examined by the Rev. Andrew Clark, LL.D., rector of Great Leighs, his report



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CEILING OF DINING-ROOM.

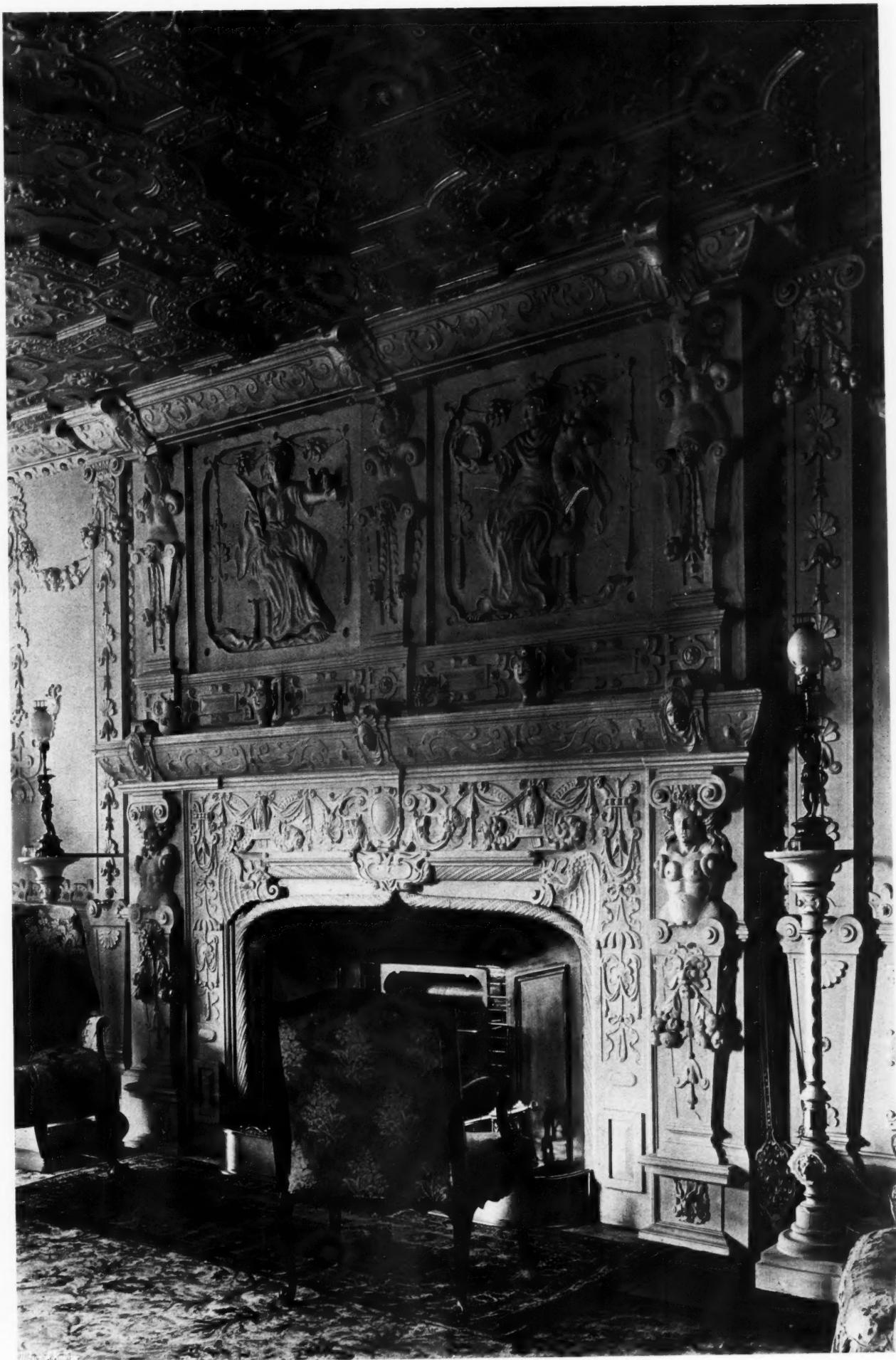
"COUNTRY LIFE."

years later he was the third to jump ashore when English long-boats were making for the Spanish beach, and when the Spanish horse charged upon his boat's party the boy killed the Spanish captain with his own hand. "But now, reader," says our marble, "turn thy triumphant songs into dirges," for after three short years afloat Hugh Everard went down with ship and crew by the Goodwins on that dreadful November day of the great storm of 1703. The inscription calls him the "age's wonder," but, fortunately for England, he was probably but a boy of a type which our country still breeds.

The elder brother of these young sailors was Sir Richard Everard, fourth baronet. His father's debts had made Langley too great a house for the son, who sold the old place and bought a little estate in Bromfield. He was in North Carolina as Governor under the Lords Proprietors; but when the Crown bought the province he lost his place and came home, to die at last in Red Lion Street in Holborn. His lady was Susanna Kidder, daughter of the bishop who displaced the non-juring Ken at Bath and Wells. The storm of 1703 which drowned Hugh Everard, dashed a chimney-stack through the palace roof at Wells and slew Dr. Kidder and his wife as they lay quaking in their bed—a judgment, as everyone saw clearly enough, upon an intruding bishop. So the Everards passed from Langley. Their history ended in the next generation, when the last baronet took his bare

on which appears in a most interesting article in the *Essex Review* of January, 1904, entitled "Great Waltham Five Centuries Ago." His grandson's great-grandson is now lord of Langley and head of a widely-spread family, from which have come several distinguished Tufnells, amongst whom we may note Henry Tufnell, a Whig politician who held office under Lord John Russell, Thomas Jolliffe Tufnell, a pioneer of military hygiene, and Wyndham Tufnell, Bishop of Brisbane.

We know very little of the old manor house which sheltered the Everards, but when Samuel Tufnell bought the estate in 1711 it was probably neglected and decayed. Langley is still a good example of the country house as the early Elizabethan age would have it, a grave and substantial house of brick, with its many windows evenly spaced. The stonework of the porch which rises to frame the window above it is the only relief given to the severe lines of the building. The front is E-shaped with deep wings, and the pediment above the middle windows encloses the shield and crest of the Tufnells, with their motto in a riband. It is situated near the village, on an eminence surrounded by a deer park, adorned with noble timber and plantations, below which flows the river Chelmer. The gardens and lawns were entirely remodelled by the present squire's father. On the latter stands the finest horse-chestnut tree in the county of Essex, covering a space of 180yds. in diameter.



THE DINING-ROOM.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."



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CEILING OF DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The interior is more remarkable, for drawing-room and dining-room are ceiled with richly-decorated straps and panels of plaster-work and oak in the elaborate manner of the ceilings of the early seventeenth century. The two chimney-breasts with their heavy allegories, their ape and sea monsters, are curious and notable amongst their kind, the two panels over the dining-room fireplace having the comfortably-clad domestic figures of Plenty nursing her overflowing horn, and Peace stretching a stiff arm as a perch for her doves.

This work is certainly a relic of the old house of the Everards. Samuel Tufnell, the re-builder, was something of an antiquary, and notes in his own hand, now in possession of his descendant, the present lord of Langley, who has obliged us by a copy of them, show that he kept a record of the shields of arms in the old house of the Everards. Several of these shields were noted, as "in the cieling of curious frett work," a phrase which describes the ceilings of our pictures, although the shields which once bore the armorial honours of the Everards are now painted with the alliances of the Tufnells.

These notes of Samuel Tufnell yield us another fact of some value in making a history of a house which has disappeared nigh upon two hundred years.

THE BIRDS OF AN EASTERN VOYAGE.

THE monotony of the long voyage to India is rendered a good deal less oppressive if one knows and takes an interest in the various sea-fowl, which from time to time present themselves to the view of the passenger on one of our great liners, and the observation of these suggests problems of no small interest. Take, for instance, the distribution of the various species of gulls. These birds are much alike in their habits, and yet some of them are strangely localised, while others have an enormous range over both cold and warm seas. The lesser black-backed gull of our coasts may be met with anywhere, from "the Channel's chops" to Aden, but the very similar herring-gull is largely replaced in the Mediterranean by the yellow-legged herring-gull (*Larus cachinnans*); indeed, this is the only herring-gull I have ever identified in this sea in the course of several voyages out and home. With its bright yellow legs and orange eyelids, it is a far more beautiful bird than our somewhat anaemic-looking species. Authors call it a "climatic race," but when it bred, as it frequently did, in the gull-pond in our Zoological Gardens, the young birds, when adult, were true to type, in spite of

captivity under an alien sky. The fact is, "climatic race" is a very misleading term. Birds from Southern localities are often richer in colour than their representatives in colder lands, but sometimes the different types may occur in the same locality. Thus, in the case of the already-mentioned widely-ranging lesser black-back, the colour of the black wings may vary from a real black to quite a light slate colour, and the extreme forms are found both in the North Atlantic and the south of the Red Sea. The explanation is probably simple enough; in certain forms, a dark or light coloration is correlated with constitutional peculiarities which are suited to a certain environment, and hence two species arise in different parts of the bird's range, while in others this is not the case, and the extremes can continue to exist side by side, although a change in the conditions might result in the disappearance of one variety. Climate, of course, may be the determining factor in some cases, but food, and the disposition—courage or intelligence—of the different colour-forms, may also enter into the problem as to which is to survive; so that it is begging the question to attribute the issue to climate alone.

In the Red Sea one makes the acquaintance of two very peculiar-looking gulls, which are always confined to hot climates. Both are about the size of our common gull—so called; I cannot recall having seen it on any Eastern voyage—but they differ much in colour. One, the *Larus leucophthalmus*, which I have only seen at the head of this sea, and then not often, has dark slate-coloured wings and a jet black head, with white eyelids; while the other, *Larus Hemprichi*, which is especially abundant towards Aden, where it is very tame, has snuffy brown wings and a brown hood, set off by yellow legs and bill, the latter with a red patch near the tip. The young of both these species are of a mottled brown, like many young gulls, and hence are not so striking in appearance. The brown Hemprich's gull will not unfrequently even settle on the ship. At Aden, it is often to be seen standing on the iron buoys in the harbour, under a sun which must certainly make the metal too hot to be endured by a human foot. Another brown sea-bird very much in evidence in the Red Sea is the booby (*Sula leucogaster*), a species of gannet. It is considerably smaller than our solan goose, and a far less beautiful and interesting bird. Its colour is snuffy brown, with the abdomen white in adults, and the bill and feet brimstone yellow. It flies low, and appears never to make the magnificent swoops so characteristic of our bird. Indeed, although flying fish, at any rate, are very abundant, I never saw the booby catch anything except when joining the other sea-fowl in harrying an unfortunate shoal of fish who were evidently in difficulties with enemies below. At such times the scene is very lively, gulls, boobies, and terns all uniting in making the most of the opportunity at the expense of the unfortunate fish.

On a voyage to the East one must not expect to meet the most remarkable of all sea-fowl, the albatrosses and frigate-birds, though one of the former has been recorded in the North Atlantic, and the latter have occurred in Indian seas. But another very notable bird, the tropic-bird, is pretty certain to meet the voyager in the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, and never failed to excite my interest. The species was, no doubt, the short-tailed tropic-bird (*Phæthon indicus*), but there is a great general resemblance between the various species, and others may occur besides this. The tropic-bird, as I have seen him, is essentially a bird of mystery. You may find him at any distance from land, even in the Indian Ocean, where sea-birds are few, but you will rarely see more than two together, or even in a day. He flies high, with a continuous rapid beat of the wing, and his white plumage, red bill, and long parrakeet-like tail make him a striking object in the cloudless blue. He seems merely to come to look at the ship, and then resumes his course. I never saw him swoop on any prey, and only two or three times on, or rising from, the water. Ancient tradition—had the bird been a European one—would have made it the abode of some spirit on which was laid the curse of eternal wandering, for there is something uncanny about the ceaseless, yet hurried, flight and solitary appearance of this beautiful creature.

The storm-petrel, on the other hand, has not in any way a striking or romantic appearance as one meets him in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, where he is a pretty constant attendant in the ship's wake. He is commonly thought of as "noctem hememque ferens," a bird of storm and darkness, pictured as skating with uplifted wings up and down huge billows. As a matter of fact, he is constantly abroad on a glassy sea under a glaring sun, and looks so exactly like the house-martin, with his

dark plumage enlivened by a white spot on the back, that most people would at the first glance take him for that bird, so similar is the coloration, size, and style of flight. Of course, the petrel is dark below, not white like the martin, but the former always flies low, and the latter under these circumstances also looks nearly all black. I have never seen the storm-petrel run along the water, and not often seen it settle.

Of other petrels, one is certain to see some one or other of the species of shearwaters, and these in any sea and at any distance out. They take no interest in the ship, but skim the waves on their own mysterious business, with the down-curved wings alternately flapped and held rigid, and turning every now and then from side to side. They are usually dark above and white below, and it is curious how one loses them as their back and wings are presented to the view against the dark sea, and picks them out again as a turn exposes their snowy breasts to sight. Indeed, in spite of what one reads about the protective nature of the white coloration in sea-fowl, one soon perceives that their white plumage really makes them strikingly conspicuous in any ordinary sea, though with foam and breakers they would no doubt harmonise better.

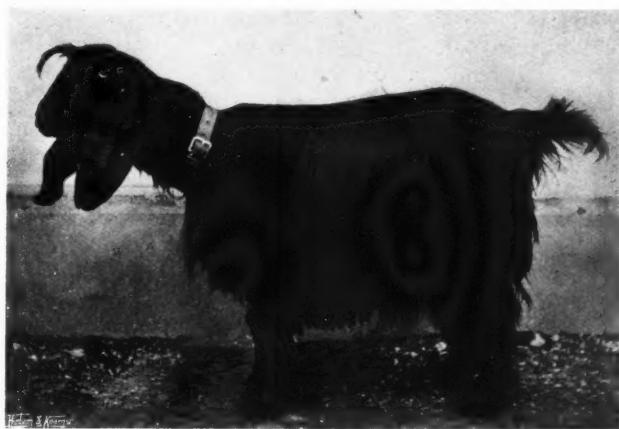
I have never, however, been able to discover against what foes adult sea-fowl need protection; birds of prey do not hunt out at sea, and, indeed, Darwin's view was that a conspicuous coloration might be of advantage to the sea-birds as a means of recognition in the waste of waters. The conclusion the mind is irresistibly led to as the result of observing sea-birds in a long voyage is one which has recently been expressed, that the great trouble of marine bird-life is a continually craving stomach; and hence it is that the interest felt in sea-birds by people on board ships is so cordially reciprocated by the birds themselves in many cases.

FRANK FINN.

DIFFERENT BREEDS OF GOATS.

AT first sight it appears to be a hopeless task to attempt to sort out the many different breeds of goats. They seem all mixed up together, horned and hornless, short and long coated, black and white, etc. The real goat connoisseur is alone able to distinguish between them by the colour of the eyes, the shape of the horns, and the particular points of the head. An ordinary amateur could never tell the difference between a short-coated Alpine and a Murcienne, or between a long-coated Pyrenean and a Maltese. However, some good work has been done by lovers of goats, and the principal pure breeds are protected from misalliance.

First and foremost amongst the best breeds comes the Nubian, the pearl of the goats' world, which, in proportion to its size, gives four times more milk than the best Jersey cow. The natives of Nubia are so jealous of this unique breed that the exportation of the Nubian goats is forbidden, and the possession of these animals, the best milkers in the world, is looked upon as a glory. This breed is very little known outside its own country, and the only pure collection almost in the world belongs to Mr. Crepin, the most distinguished goat-breeder in Europe, to whom we are indebted for some of the photographs illustrating this article, and for many notes on his own varied experience of goat-breeding. The first Nubian goats imported into France were forwarded, it is believed, by the Negus forty years ago to act as "wet nurses" to a young hippopotamus, which was sent as a present to Napoleon III. by the Ethiopian Sovereign. They were kept at



MAMBRINE.

the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris, and the well-known director, Mr. Geoffrey de Saint-Hilaire, made a special study of these animals, which he thought most remarkable. The quantity of milk they gave was so prodigious that he declined to mention the exact measure lest he should be accused of exaggeration. Dr. Sacc, who has also made a complete study of the Nubian goat, states that a good milker will often give as much as two gallons a day, never less than one. The fecundity of these animals is marvellous; one goat has been known to have eleven kids in eighteen months, on two occasions four in one litter, and once triplets. This case is not extraordinary, as they generally have three kids at a birth. Mr. Crepin himself possesses one kid which had four brothers and sisters, all of one litter, and which were successfully suckled by the same mother, and turned out to be prize animals. The characteristics of the pure Nubian are a short silky coat, very long ears falling on each side of the head, a long neck and body, thin long legs. The udder is so long and heavy that the natives put it in a leather bag strapped on the animal, to prevent it from touching the floor. The head is short, and the face is strongly arched towards the nose, which almost looks crushed. The under lip is very projected, and the teeth can be seen from under the top lip. Here I may mention that I have heard a judge of the British Goat Society disqualify a goat with Nubian blood on account of the projecting under lip, which is in itself one of the strongest points of pure Nubian origin, a mistake which would never have occurred if this country had a chance of studying these animals. Only two or three pure Nubians exist in England, and one is a female goat belonging to His Majesty the King, and lent to the British Goat Society for reproduction; but, unfortunately, this goat has never been able to breed. The males, owned by some members of that society, alone can



MALTESE.

be used to introduce the Nubian strain in the English goats; but for want of a good female the pure breed cannot at present exist in England. The eyes are large and almond-shaped, with a kindly expression, and the cheeks high and prominent. The colours of the coat are varied, but the general ones are mahogany red, nut brown, white cream, black and grey, and frequently three different colours will be seen on the same animal, often presenting a strange spotted appearance. A strong point in their favour is the absence of the objectionable odour which characterises the ordinary male goat.

The Nubian "Zaraïbe" came from the distant country of Erythrea, North-East Africa, and could only be obtained under enormous difficulties. Not only had the animal to be carried on a camel's back for a long journey lasting several days, but all sorts of dodges had to be resorted to in order to escape the local authorities, who strictly forbid the exportation of this precious breed. All the other African races of goats for which the title of Nubian is often claimed are cross-bred, and almost as numerous as the different European breeds which have mixed and in-bred for centuries. The only one which Mr. Crepin thinks worthy of study is the Soudan goat, called Aoussa de Sokoto. This breed is remarkable for its



MAMBRINE HEAD.

beauty, and as pretty as the antelope. The milk is very small in quantity, but very rich in quality, and makes delicious butter. The coat is like fine velvet speckled with black and white, and of such fine touch and appearance that on that account alone it ought to claim the attention of fur-dealers.

Another goat is the Syrienne or Mambrine, coming from Palestine and Syria, where

1,500,000

milker as the Mambrine, but is remarkable for its purity of breed and long ears, which often measure 16in. in length and 5in. or 6in. in width. The Syrienne's head in front is straight, but, unlike the Nubian, the upper lip is more prominent than the lower one. The horns, when there are any, are bent towards the back of the head, and often curled like the horns of a ram. This breed is hardy, easy to feed, and gives abundant milk. The world-famed Alep butter, the exportation of which is enormous, is made from the milk of the Syrienne goat.

The ideal breed for the English goat-breeders, and the goat of the future, is the Alpine, known under the name of Saanen. This graceful animal is well known to the Swiss tourist. The fine head tapers towards the end, but is rather large on the top, the eyes are yellow, with a soft look in them, and the eyelashes white. The neck is long, the back straight, while the chest and flanks are large and well proportioned, and the udder is generally very large. The Saanen is the biggest Swiss goat in existence, often measuring, when still a goatling, 3ft. high and 4ft. in length from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. The colour is

white or cream, and the coat short. The ears are thin, sometimes standing out horizontally. The male has a very imposing



"IBRAHIM."

goats of this breed provide a continual milk supply. Some herds contain as many as 2,000 head of goats. The colour of these animals is also varied, grey, yellow, brown, or black. Those I have seen at Brunoy are of a shiny brilliant black, with reddish brown spots on the face, and hornless. The eyes are of a perfect sky blue, and the coat is rather long, especially on the back part of the body. Near Damas can be seen a very pretty variety of this breed, a pure white called "Meress," which is not quite such a good

specimen. This breed is perfectly adaptable to the stall system of goat-farming, and gives a wonderful quantity of milk, especially when kept in confinement and treated well and with intelligence.

Next to the Saanen comes the English favourite, the Toggenburg, which takes its name from the Toggenburg Valley, where it exists in very large

numbers. It is a cross between the white Appenzell and the graceful buff Alpine. The colour is a light fawn, and particularly pretty:

NUBIAN.



SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD'S GOATS.

two white lines run along each side of the face, and the legs are also covered up to the knees with white silky hairs. The coat is short and very fine, and often bears a watermark like a race-horse, only the hind quarters have sometimes long hairs. This breed, after the Nubian, is the richest in milk, and the large, wide udder is remarkably soft and pliable. Several good specimens are owned by English breeders,

and the cross between the Nubian and Toggenburg would make the finest possible breed to suit the climate of these islands.

Limit of space forbids my entering into a detailed account of the interesting Maltese goat. I must only mention that it is comparatively a small animal, giving in its own country a prodigious quantity of milk, but up to the present it has not been successfully acclimatised in other countries. The coat is generally very long, and the predominant colour is dark yellow. It is a thin animal, all its food turning to milk, and is usually hornless. One characteristic of this breed is the absence of that instinct of deva-tation which has been the downfall of the goat in agricultural districts where they were kept in the open.

The Murcienne is *par excellence* the Spanish goat. Its coat is short and silky, the head is fine and well posed, the eyes are soft and bright, the shape of the neck and body very graceful. This breed is, without a doubt, the prettiest and most ornamental of all the goat race. Here, again, the milking qualities are remarkable; this animal adapts itself perfectly to the system of stall feeding, and has proved a great success in goat-farming. It

is with this breed that Mme. la Comtesse de la Boullaye started goat-breeding in Brittany, and from which she gets the supply for her industry of goat butter and cheese.

A few words must also be said about the Pyrenean goats. They are generally black, with long, silky coat, and sometimes all white, with a curly knob on the forehead. Some beautiful and remarkably elegant specimens can be seen in the Bearn. A splendid milker, the Pyrenean goat has, unfortunately, been neglected in every respect, and the result of indiscriminate crossing in breeding, bad food, and absolute lack of care is malodorous milk, which cannot be compared with the rich creamy and abundant milk of the Alpine.

I cannot conclude this article without saying a few words on the fallacy of horns *v.* hornless animals. According to Mr. Crepin, whose authority, being the best, I must again quote, no breed in the world is absolutely free from horns, which are the natural means of defence of these animals. It is only a freak of Nature if the animals are hornless. Horns have no influence whatever on the quality or the quantity of the milk, and hornless stock often throw horned kids. It is therefore a pity to have to admit that in order to secure hornless prized animals, which owing to a senseless idea are supposed to be more valuable, poor little newborn horned kids are subjected to horrible torture by dishorning, a barbarism which it is hoped will be abolished when goat-farming has become an English industry.

C. HAMER-JACKSON.

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER

“Corycium vidisse senem, cui pauca reliqui
Jugera ruris erant . . .
Primus vere rosam atque autumno carpere poma.
Ergo apibus foetis idem atque examine multo
Primus abundet et spumantia cogere pressis
Mella favis.”—VIRGIL.

NOT often in truth can the byword *de mortuis* be applied so logically as in the case of the old friend to whom we have just bidden the long farewell. We should apply it logically, though not in the common sense; for nothing but good report was ever spoken of him, during the many years that he lived among us, and truly it could not be otherwise now. He was a man much beloved. The time when he first came to the village and was called “the new schoolmaster” is not within the memory of any but the oldest; but by one and all, for a long time, he has been invariably spoken of as “our old schoolmaster.”

It is true that for the last ten years or so he had been emeritus, living in well-earned retirement. The charge of Sir John Mansergh's Free School (as it used to be called in the days

“afore the Council,” though for generations it has been but a village school) has devolved upon younger men, diplomas from Hurill or Tellingford. We have had three or four of them, all very much of a pattern, well-dressed, gold-spectacled, energetic, decidedly in earnest, and perhaps a little commonplace. The old master was one who practised like Dr. Hawes, “without having studied at the college, or truckled to the pedantry of a diploma”; it is possible that he was never officially even “recognised.” Who he was, where he came from, and how he had come to be appointed, no one ever knew, or, at any rate, remembered. There was a story of his having been a University graduate, who, blighted in hopes worldly or other, chose out a remote corner and a humble calling wherein to bury the memory of a painful past. Nothing that he ever said at large could lend support to such a story; but nothing in his life belied it. For my own part, I am inclined to believe the tale; it explains something, for the old master was no mere hedge-school dominie. He was a scholar, I think “a ripe and good one”; and a gentleman, according to that true definition, “one who never inflicts pain.” To say

that he ruled by love, not by fear, were perhaps inexact. He ruled by authority, instinctive, unobtrusive, unquestioned.

When he retired, everyone thought he would have left the village for good. Somebody knew the very house at Hartleborough that he was going to live in. In any case, it seemed unlikely that he would wish to stay on here, once turned out of the pleasant schoolhouse, and the garden which had been for so

many years his delight and pride. Besides, when new brooms get to work, dust flies. Certainly he would be better out of it. But the old man had his own views. The Hartleborough notior, he laughed to scorn. “Nay now, this air here has kept me wick and well a many years. I want no sea breezes. I shall lay my bones here among ye.” He got the agent to let him have the cottage called Lovell's, up at Town-end, a dingy and well-nigh ruinous hovel; and planned a renovation of some sort. But when Sir William heard of it, he gave orders for the place to be put thoroughly to rights, indeed, rebuilt and enlarged, and sent down men from the hall to lay out the garden; so that when the day of abdication arrived, and the old master “flitted,” he came to a home with more than the beginnings of comfort. In the course of a season or two the new garden yielded a display little inferior to the old. “Nothing like a change of quarters, after all, I find,” the old man said to me one day. “Aye, if only I could have moved my old Glory rose, I should feel quite satisfied. But look at the strawberries! I never had 'em like these down at the school there. And as for the bees!—why, they're doing twice as well!” And that, above all else, was the test; for in the old days, next to the children, he had always cared for his bees.

“I think a childless man is fittest for a dominie,” he said once. “Aye, why yes, I think so”—noting the questioning of uplifted eyebrows—“but he should be a bee-keeper beside. It refreshes his mind, ye see, to watch the bees at work, that are so busy and so steady o' their purpose—and then the bairns like a bit o' honey an' all.”

Lavish with his stores of honey to all who loved it, he was not less ready to bestow his store of learning. He had got together a large collection of bee books and had mastered them all. His Georgics he knew by heart, almost. Huber he had, Wildman and Reaumur, Swammerdam's “Biblia Naturæ,” Hill's Treatise, Levert's “Orderinge of Bees,” Goedaert De Insectis, and, his chiefest treasure of all, a choice copy of that curious old work, Butler's “Feminine Monarchie, or the Historie of Bees,” printed in 1634. The moderns he heeded less, though he kept a handbook or two to lend to a novice; but I have heard from his lips sayings which, otherwise, I should have credited to Maeterlinck. He studied his bees as well as his books. Yet not of hives or books only did he amass bee-lore. He had long been a collector of the stories and legends current among a few of the oldest people, and I supposed that he had put them into writing. Once I thought I detected him quoting



ANGLO-NUBIANS AT PASTURE.

from manuscript—"Such is their marvellous sagacity, and the wonders of their rule and order, that men in all times have reckoned them to be endued with a portion 'divinae mentis.'" But when I asked him point-blank, he denied it. "Not but what there be things I have gathered from old folks in these parts in day's gone by, that it might be of interest to set down. But there!—I haven't the will, ye see.

"From the old folks—aye. Oh, just odds and ends. But they're dying out—soon there'll be none o' the old memories left. Body o' me! D'ye think the present generation are going to nurse any superstitious fancies? Nay, they know better now. They can rattle ye off Class Insecta, Order Hymenoptera, Family Apidae pat as aught ye like, I'll a-warrant ye, and that's more than old Betty Crayke ever knew! Betty it was who told me that the only cure for foul brood was 'to get a Hostie from the Mass an' put it into the hive.' See, here's the passage in old Butler, who got it from Boësius 'De Signis Ecclesiae'; though how Betty ever heard on't passes my knowledge." He took down the book and read: "A certain woman having some stalls of bees which yielded not unto her her desired profit, but did consume and die of the murrain, made her moan to another woman, more simple than herself, who gave her counsel to get a consecrated host and put it among them. According to whose advice she went to the priest to receive the host, which, when she had done, she kept it in her mouth, and being come home again, she took it out and put it into one of her hives, whereupon the murrain ceased and the honey abounded. The woman, therefore, lifting up the hive at the due time to take out the honey, saw therein (most strange to be seen) a chapel built by the bees, with an altar in it, the walls adorned by marvellous skill of architecture, with windows conveniently set in their places, also a door, and a steeple with bells. And, the host being set on the altar, the bees, making a sweet noise, flew round about it."

"Once I asked old Betty," he went on, "if she knew that the bees sing at midnight on Christmas Eve for the Nativity; for then, ye know, the oxen kneel in their stalls, and, as Shakespeare has it, 'The bird of dawning singeth all night long.' Know it! Aye, marry, that did she! Folks that could hear 'em (for not all could) moud hear 'em singing their Christmas hymn in the hives—that was weel kenned. Nay, she hadn't never heard 'em hersen, but her feyther had many a time an' offens. Betty had more of the secret knowledge than any bee-keeper I ever knew. There maun be no strife in the house; bees'll never thrive where there's strife. If a strange swarm come to ye, it's lucky; but if the rightful owner claim them, no money maun pass. A swap ye may do, swarm for swarm, or else a bushel o' wheat or aught else right and fit, but no money, else they'll not thrive. If they settle an' hive theirselves under the thatch of a house, never a lass o' that house'll wed. If they swarm on a dead bough, or any wood that's dead, him that belongs 'em, or someone o' his, will die that same year. Think ye old Betty had ever heard o' Poet Gay? She couldn't read, rest her soul!"

'Swarmed on a rotten stick the bees I spied,
Which crst I saw when Goody Dobson died.'

"Betty sent for me a few days before she died, to make her will, and when 'twas done I had to note down minute and strict directions for putting her hives into mourning after she should be gone, and telling the bees. Aye, telling the bees! That was a thing always done in the good old superstitious times. Haven't you read your Atkinson—chapter ten, or thereabouts, if I remember right; on a left-hand page, any way? Aye, and I once had just such an experience as he tells on. My father was taking a funeral, up at the far end of his parish, on the moors, and I had gone with him. I was only a bit of a lad, and I wandered away down the garden out o' the way o' the folks who were eating and drinking indoors. I remember I was downright miserable and uncomfortable. Presently I saw a woman, dressed all in black, coming down the garden path. I thought she was maybe coming to fetch me indoors, so I hid myself among the berry-bushes nigh-hand the beehives. But it wasn't me she was after. No, up she went to the hives and bound a piece o' black stuff round each. She had a platter with her that she'd setten down o' the bench; and then she tapped at each hive in turn, and said out loud and quite plain:

"'Old Martin Grimstone is dead, an' his son Seth is master. He has sent ye a bite and sup of all there is on the table, an' he hopes ye'll not take aught amiss.'

"That was telling the bees. A pious custom, think ye? Nay, a heathenish one—anomistic, so the folk-lorists say; read your Atkinson and see! But, heathenish or not, it's an old custom, gone out o' mind, like many another that never harmed a soul; and I for one grieve that it should be. 'Men are we, and must grieve,' ye know!"

I have just come from my old friend's garden, that lay trim and orderly in the golden autumn sunlight, but strangely altered and desolate. The bees were astir, visiting half-heartedly the Michaelmas daisies that filled the upper border with a cloud of starry gems. I made my way to the hives, scarcely believing that I should not see the tall, thin figure, with the familiar black wideawake, bending over them. I could not tell the bees the name of their new master, but I put them into mourning for their old one.

H. RAPHOE.

HOLY CROSS BY WINCHESTER.

WINCHESTER, the ancient capital of the kings of England, has beside it in the hospital of St. Cross one of the most venerable of English houses of charity. The bishops of Winchester cherished the house which lay so near their cathedral, one of them being its founder. That founder was Henry of Blois, a younger son of Stephen, Count of Blois, by Adela, daughter of the Conqueror. As a young man in the house of Clugny over the sea, he was called to England by his uncle King Henry Beauclerk and made abbot of Glastonbury, the mitre and crozier of Winchester following at an age at which no such preferment comes nowadays.

It was not long before this magnificent young pluralist, the bishop of Winchester and abbot of Glastonbury, made himself the first churchman in England and the most forward of the King's subjects. He had the blood of the Conqueror warm in his veins, he was rich and noble, a free giver and a brave man, and in six years' time his power had waxed to such height that



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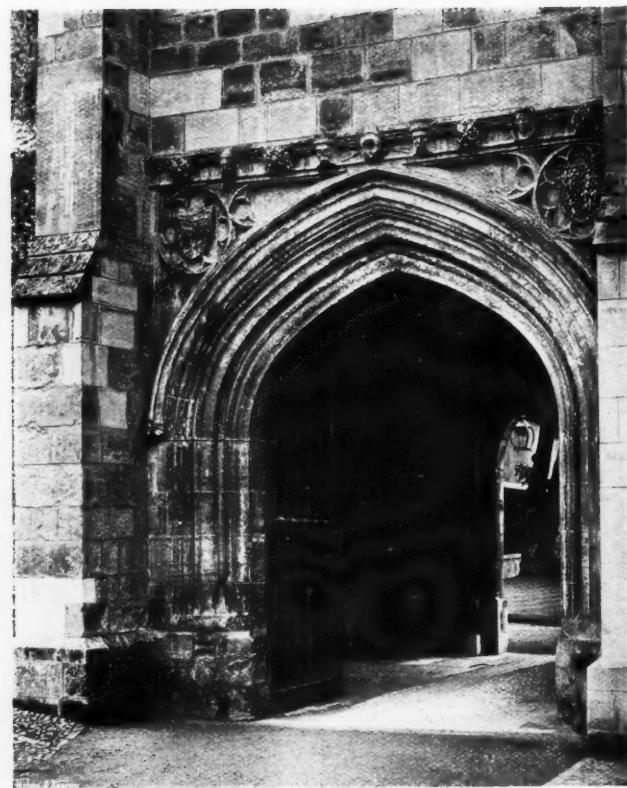
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THE BRETHREN'S HOUSES.



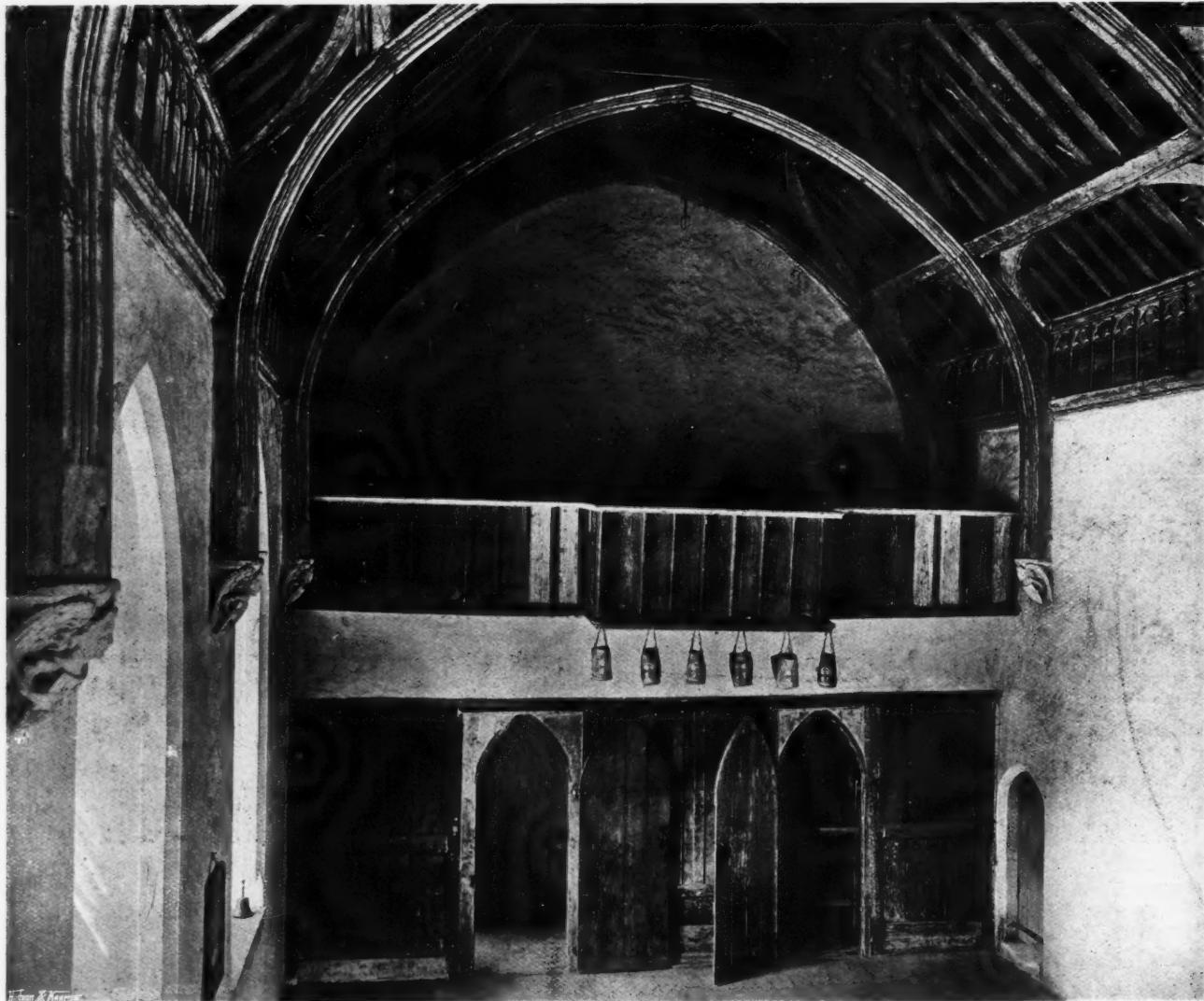
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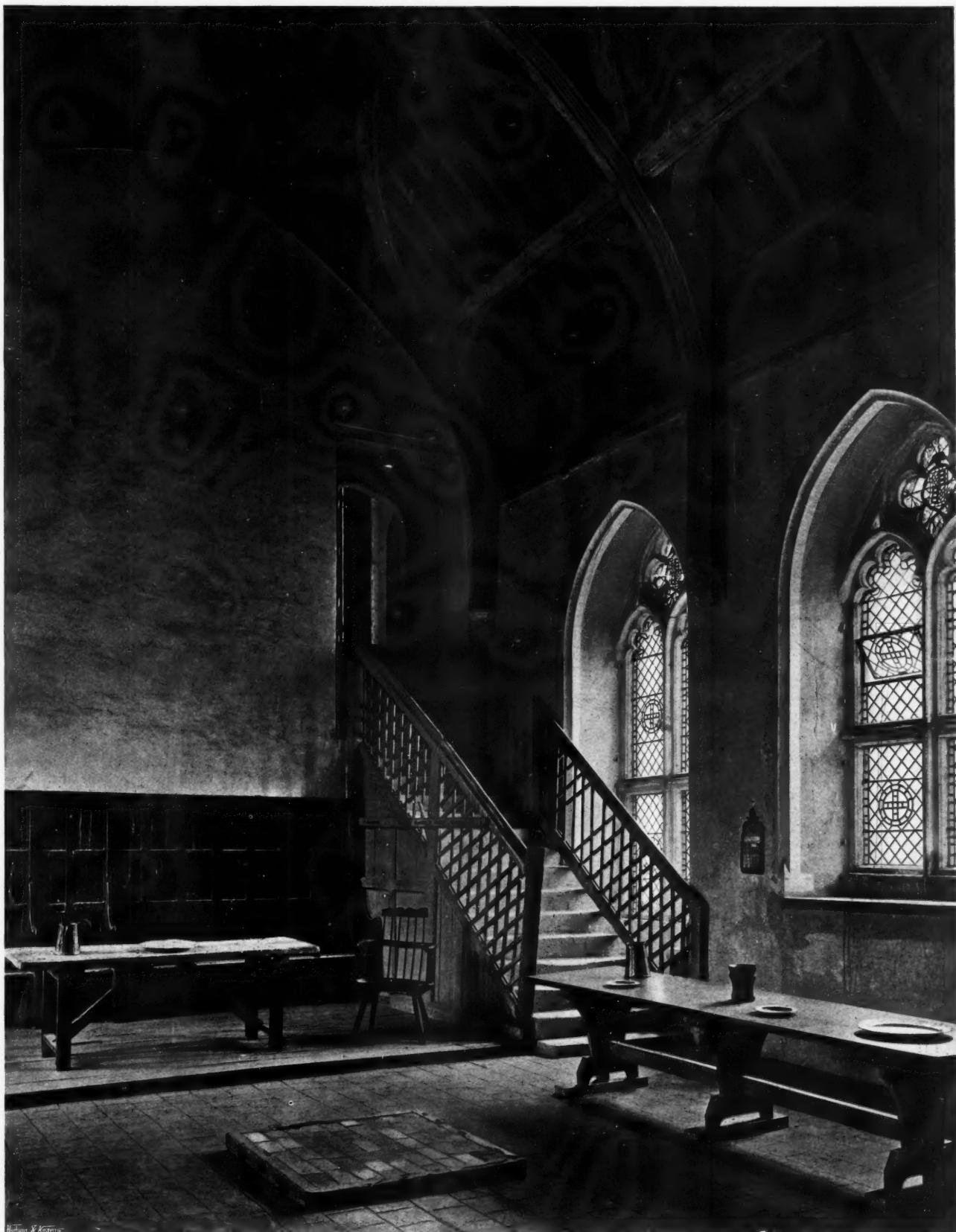
MINSTREL GALLERY IN DINING-HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

on his uncle's death he was able to make a King of his own brother Stephen. He met and acclaimed him as King in the old royal city of Winchester, and won to the cause the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, under the influence of the young bishop, crowned Stephen King of England.

But this bishop, although at times politician or warrior, never forgot his breeding in the cloister of Clugny, and was a

although he led a troop of his own knights to the siege of Maude, the Empress, in Arundel Castle, he joined her after the battle of Lincoln, and proclaimed her as lady of England and Normandy. Stephen had, he considered, broken his promises to holy church: therefore he cursed Maude's enemies and blessed her friends. Maude herself did not long keep the friendship of this violent bishop. She refused him Stephen's foreign fiefs,



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EAST END OF DINING-HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

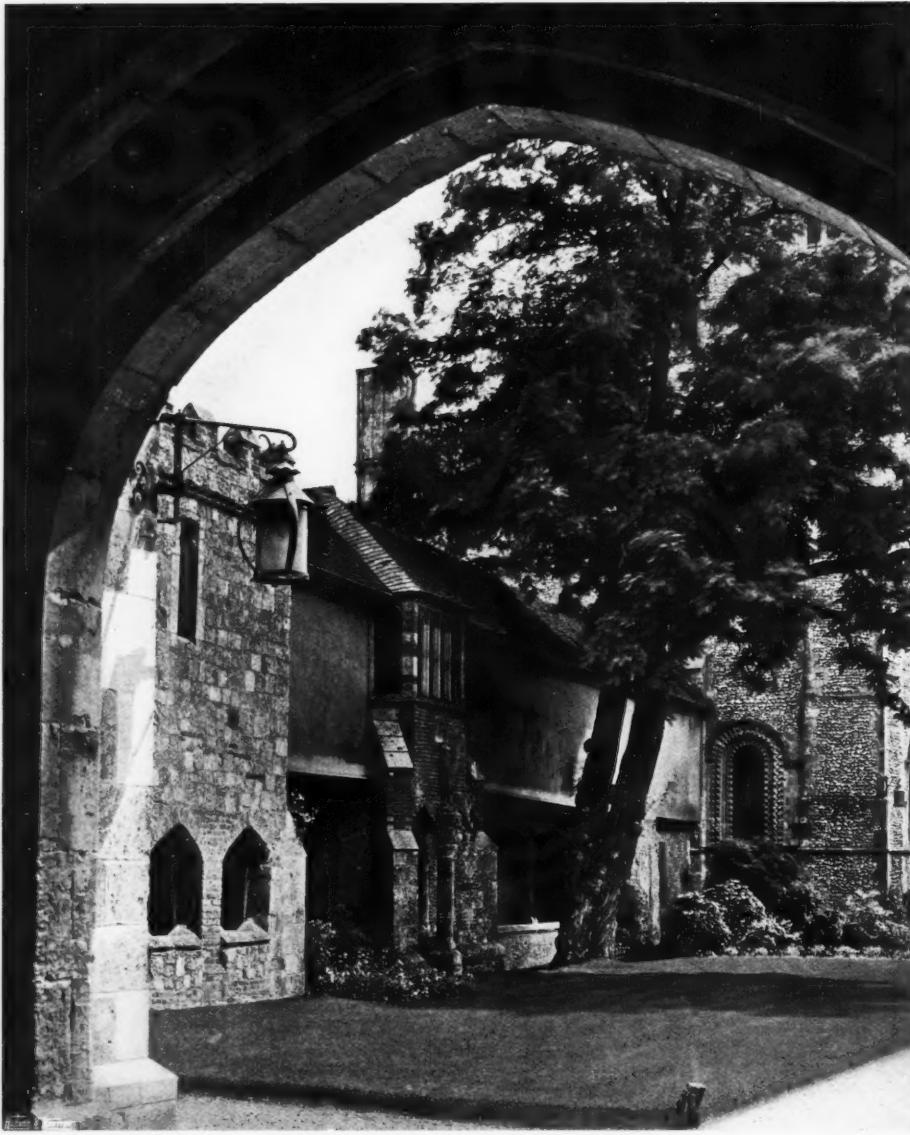
churchman always and before all things. When the King, his brother, offended against the church by turning a secular key upon the bishops of Salisbury and Ely, the bishop of Winchester's anger was hot against the King he had raised up, and, sitting as papal legate, he boldly tried his King and brother in open court, and brought him to be rebuked in person before the legate's chair. His loyalty to the crown afterwards sat easily upon him, for

which he begged for his favourite nephew, Eustace; and soon he was in his tower of Wolvesey, directing the flight of burning darts against the roofs of Winchester which harboured Maude's followers, and dealing therewith the church's curse as heartily as he had dealt it to his brother's party. He was one of those who crowned Maude's son Henry, who loved him so little that he pulled down Wolvesey tower when the bishop was from home

without the King's leave, on a visit to his mother-house of Clugny. He is said to have commended Thomas Becket to the King for chancellor; he consecrated Thomas as archbishop, and applauded his struggle for the cause which he himself had served so well, and lived to rebuke Henry II. from his deathbed for the murder at Canterbury with all his old fearlessness of kings.

He had been lavish in all things, loving rich clothing and swift horses, rare beasts and birds, and noble buildings. Money came easily to his hand, and he gave splendidly; and of his charities the hospital of Holy Cross remains till this day.

The house of the Holy Cross by Winchester was probably begun soon after the bishop came to his see. Thirteen poor men—the number of the Lord and his Apostles—being so enfeebled that they could not otherwise maintain themselves, were to remain in the hospital, each having good clothing and a warm bed, a good loaf of wheaten bread daily, with drink enough. Three dishes were to be served at dinner, and one at supper;



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SEEN THROUGH THE GATEWAY.

whilst at dinner-time one hundred men of the worthy poor were to have their fill of meat and drink in the hall.

Having built his hospital, and doubtless seen the thirteen feeble ones and the hundred worthy poor empty their bowls to the health of the magnificent bishop, their neighbour and patron, the bishop, who desired that his great charity should outlive the stormy times in which his own person was risked so freely, made over the governance of the hospital to the care of the knights of the hospital of Jerusalem, who, being the sworn servants of St. John the Almsgiver, might be reckoned the patrons of all almshouses. But when Henry of Blois was dead the bishops of Winchester were unwilling that such a piece of patronage should go astray from the diocese, and after half a century the knights yielded up their right in the house.

The mastership of the hospital of Holy Cross soon became a comfortable place of preferment, thereby justifying the bishops in their struggle to keep it in their gift, and churchmen of distinction enjoyed it. Early in the reign of Edward III. William of Edington was here, holding it with the rector of Cheriton.

This famous Wiltshireman came to be bishop of Winchester, a type of those prelates who halved their lives between the services of the church and the King's civil service, in which, from receiver of a subsidy to chancellor, he filled many an office. As a treasurer he debased the coinage, and was in good and bad report the faithful man of a king who would have made him primate of all England had not William, then lying near his death, been too weak to accept the preferment.

At Winchester William of Edington is remembered as the great builder who changed the Norman nave to the semblance of a fourteenth century work. The house of Holy Cross he found ruinous, and left it sound and beautified. The church, unfinished after nearly 200 years, he roofed with lead in place of the straw thatch which served it. He roofed also the hall wherein the hundred men sat at meat, and built a new chamber for the master.

Holy Cross was, as we have said, a comfortable preferment, and as such it attracted the foreigners who preyed upon rich English livings. A certain Peter de Sancta Maria, probably an outlander, had been master before Edington's day, and Edington was followed by one Raimondo de Pelegrini, a canon of London, and a nominee of the pope. This Italian was not long at Holy Cross—we do not hear of him as a benefactor of its fabric—and when the great William of Wykeham became bishop, an Englishman, John of Campden, was made master. To John of Campden the church owes its tower and the last of its mediaeval work, but the hospital had before his death found its most famous patron.

This patron, like the hospital's founder, was Henry by name, and of a princely race, being Henry Beaufort, a son of John of Gaunt and Catharine Roet. Like the founder, too, he was a bishop of Winchester and the pope's legate, a statesman, and one who had great possessions. England remembers him best as the prideful cardinal of the Shakespeare play, who "died and made no sign," but he is one of the many who find the curse of Shakespeare heavier than the judgment of the historian. In politics he sought for peace; if anyone poisoned Gloucester that one was not the cardinal, and his own end in the great chamber of his Winchester palace was in peace, as befitted a stout-hearted man who had made all his dispositions in view of the coming of death.

His charities were great, and the house of Holy Cross by Winchester was his chief care. Here he made plans for a great enlargement of the hospital work, making a new foundation within the other, which was to be called *nova domus clementinaria nobilis paupertatis*—the new almshouse of noble poverty. On this foundation two priests, thirty-five brethren, and three sisters were to live within the hospital precinct under the master's rule. At the cardinal's cost the tall gatehouse tower was built, the refectory, and the lodgings of the master and brethren, and from his nephew, Henry VI., he had a charter empowering him to endow the house

with manors and lands of the then great value of £500 yearly. But at his death, in 1447, his work lay unfinished, his endowments were unsecured, and William of Wainfleet, his successor in the bishopric, had another charter for the new foundation.

But now the nation was kindled with civil war, and when the thirty years of that war were over, the mere shadow of the cardinal's great charity remained, for the puissance of noble persons had seized upon the rents which should have fed it. Two brethren and a single chaplain were all for whom the wasted estate could provide.

But the hospital did not lack friends. Among these, Robert Sherborne, once its master and afterwards bishop of St. Davids and bishop of Chichester, must be remembered, for, save for some seventeenth century alteration and some nineteenth century restoration, he was the last builder of the house, where his letters of "R:S" and his saying of *dilexi sapientiam* remain in more than one corner. He built the eastern side of the quad and the octagon turret in stone and brick, with the work from the porter's lodge to the church.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The reformation affected the house but little. The terrible Doctor Leigh, Cromwell's visitor, came in 1535, and to the good fortune of the house found all in order at his coming. Before he rode away he ordered that relics and images were not to be brought out for the devotion of pilgrims, that the library should have the testaments and the fathers of the church, but for the rest, the house of Holy Cross might live on whilst so many other ancient foundations came by their end.

In the time of James I. the mastership of Holy Cross was still a rich benefice, rich enough to tempt the King on his accession to nominate a brother Scot for the office. The hospital by some means saved itself from this intruder, but the King could bide his time obstinately, and at last clapped Sir Peter Young, knight and Scotsman and an ex-tutor of the royal household, into the mastership of Holy Cross.

Archbishop Laud's enquiries found Holy Cross a flourishing house, with a chaplain and steward and thirteen brethren, besides out-pensioners and probationers. The master, Doctor William Lewis, lost office for his loyalty to church and King, and John Lisle, esquire, the member of Parliament, made himself master of Holy Cross until he was called to Oliver's House of Lords as Lord Lisle, when John Cooke, the solicitor-general who drew the indictment of King Charles, followed him in the sinecure. The fate of these two intruders might serve royalist churchmen in Winchester for many a year's moralising over the doom of those who mishandle the church's charities, for John Cooke lost his head, the Lord Lisle died by assassination, and the Lady Lisle, his widow—alas! the poor old dame—fell a victim, long years afterward, to the bloody assize of Jeffreys.

At the restoration, Doctor Lewis was set in his place again, and was followed at his death by a true cavalier churchman, Doctor Henry Compton, son of the Earl of Northampton who had been killed in the civil war. Doctor Compton held the hospital with the see of Oxford, but relinquished it when advanced to London.

From this time onward until far into the nineteenth century the house has flowed on smoothly enough, noble poverty being relieved within the brethren's houses after the kindly old fashion, whilst the master lodging sheltered the comfortable holders of a delectable sinecure. An account of the hospital in the days of George I. tells us that the master of Holy Cross lived "like an abbot" with his £600 yearly, his good house, his gardens and

coach-house, and the prebendal stall in the cathedral which usually went with the mastership. The names alone of the masters show how the patronage of the hospital was valued. Bishop Hoadley put in Doctor John Hoadley, chancellor of the diocese. Doctor Beilby Porteus, bishop of Chester, held it with his bishopric, letting the master's house to Cornwall, speaker of the Commons; whilst Bishop North gave it to his son Francis, afterwards Earl of Guilford, who held it from 1807 to 1855. Under these men the ample resources of the house were squandered, the lands were leased away for high fines in hand and low rents in the future, and later masters, with the interest of the old house at heart, have found good and careful husbandry needful before the foundation might be nursed back to prosperity.

Our pictures will recall the ancient house by Winchester, at whose gate so many of us have taken the charity of Henry of Blois, a little horn cup of sound ale and a slice of wheaten bread, under the groined archway whose spandrels bear the shields of the old kings of England and of Henry Beaufort.

Beside the Beaufort gate-tower is the refectory, a noble old hall with a timber roof of four bays, the Beaufort arms in the top lights of its rich windows, and an open hearth for a charcoal fire in the midst of the floor. At the hall end is the screen, with its gallery above, and below the hall is a crypt, which makes a rare cellar for the Holy Cross ale.

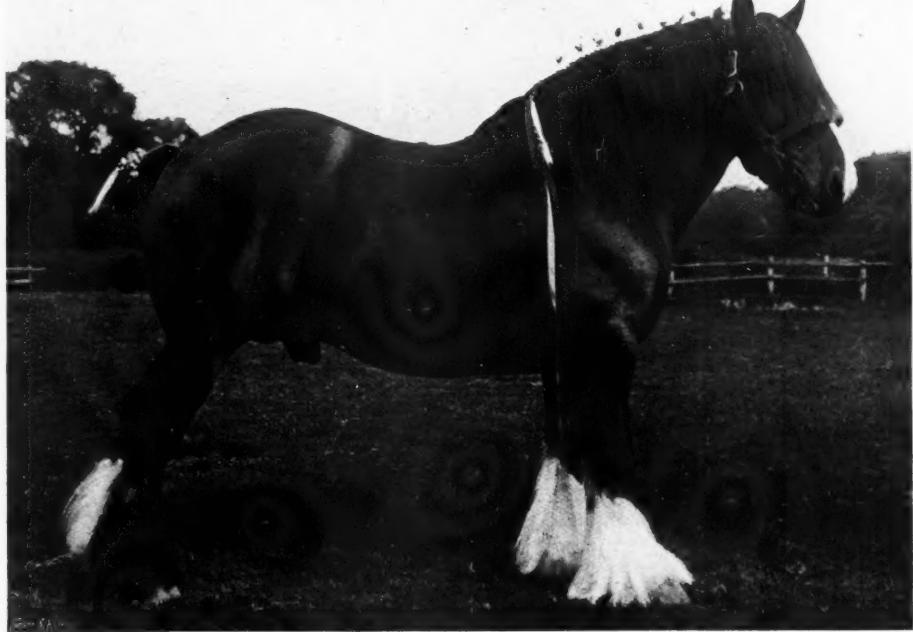
Under a long range of roof on the west side of the quad are the dwellings of the brethren, to which the tall chimneys and their buttress-flues give bold light and shadow, each dwelling having a parlour, a bedroom, and a scullery.

To the east, Robert Sherborne's work joins the Beaufort tower to the church by a covered way with a gallery above, whose narrow chambers open the one from the other. The kitchen, not the least important room in such a hospitable house, is reached through a passage from the hall.

In our own time the purpose of the hospital is at last worthily administered. Old men live out here the contemplative end of life, some on the more ancient foundation and some on the foundation of the cardinal, whose almsmen of "noble poverty" are those to whom loss and want have come after lives of comfort and independence. The sight of the black gowns and silver crosses moving slowly about the hospital ways is not easily forgotten by those who have seen old age in this grave harbour of the hospital of the Holy Cross by Winchester.

LORD CALTHORPE'S LIVESTOCK.

ELVETHAM PARK is a beautifully-situated manor house near Winchfield, in the attractive county of Hampshire. It is situated in the middle of a country full of memories of Charles Kingsley, and, indeed, Eversley itself lies within reach of it. The mansion is a modern building, concealed in a well-wooded park, and is almost surrounded by pine woods. It was formerly the seat of the Seymours, Earls of Hertford. As a home of agriculture it has a distinction of its own. Lord Calthorpe has never cared much for figuring in the ranks of successful exhibitors of livestock, and yet has taken a vast pride in having the best of everything on his land, an idea for which much is to be said. The vice of showing lies in this—that excellent animals are more or less spoiled by continuous preparation, which becomes in some cases, not as it should be, an aid to agriculture, but an end in itself.



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ELVETHAM HAROLD.

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—that is to say, the greater proportion of those who like to show livestock think of nothing but the distinction to be won there, while the original aim of the agricultural show was to set up a standard of merit for the farmers, and to encourage the breeding of the most suitable animals for the ordinary purposes of the agriculturist. At Elvetham this has been the tradition for more than a generation. At the present moment, Lord Calthorpe has about 1,200 acres, including the park lands, on his hands, and his husbandry is so conducted as to be a model not only to those tenant farmers belonging to the estate, but to all others. The land is very well suited to the production of livestock, as the soil is, for the greater part, sandy loam on a gravel sub-soil, and presents many of the features of land on which pedigree animals are most successfully reared.

For the last thirty years Shire horses have been kept at Elvetham, as much to do the ordinary work of the farm as for any other cause. In the days when the Shire horse was known as the Black Cart Horse it found a home at Elvetham. Among the first pedigree Shires used was Packington (14212), bred by the Earl of Aylesford. Closely near to him in point of time were Pride of England (1770), bred by the Messrs. Yeoman, and Amazement (84), bred by Mr. John Griffin. The horse at the head of the stud now is the home-bred Elvetham Harold, the son of the world-famous Harold that died a year or two ago, owned by Lord Llangattock. He was out of a Duke of Worsley mare. There are now some fifteen mares in the stud who owe their parentage to such well-known sires as Prince William, Stroton Tom, and Capstone Harold. This horse forms rather an exception to the general rule in the stud, as he has been shown, and that very successfully. Among many prizes he has won, several firsts have to be recorded, and anyone who looks at the portrait which we give of him will acknowledge that he is a Shire horse of very outstanding merit. As we have said, however, the great horses at Elvetham are not periodically tested at exhibitions, and there are several of the mares and young stock which are well qualified to hold their own with many horses that are successfully shown.

Under the circumstances we have described, it becomes of

additional importance to know what breeds of animals are most affected on an estate where they are kept for utility. It would probably gratify the admirers of the Berkshire pig to know that this is the animal which has been selected as being likely to achieve the object aimed at. A good deal could be said in favour of the Berkshire being one of the most remunerative breeds extant; we do not say the most, because that would only invite invidious comparisons. In bacon, as in everything else, the consumer has come to regard quality as of the first importance, and the coarse fat pigs of a generation ago would not at all suit the purposes of the modern butcher. We have a very recent and striking exemplification of that fact at the Birmingham Cattle Show, where the judges have almost entirely discarded the old idea of fatness, and selected for distinction the well-made animals which are most suited to give a profitable return to the butcher. The Berkshire has been kept for quite thirty-five years at Elvetham, and

during that time there has been abundant opportunity of testing its merits. Needless to say, it has come out well from the ordeal, and the stock to-day is in itself a very high testimony to the qualifications of the breed.

The foundation sows of the herd came from the late Mr. Heber Humphrey, as far back as the year 1870; since that time boars have occasionally been purchased from the leading breeders, among



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STRONG TO DO MAN'S WILL.

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SOUTHDOWN EWES.

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them being Mr. Edney Hayter, Mr. N. Benjafield, Mr. Russell Swanwick, Sir H. F. de Trafford, Bart., the Hon. Claud Portman, Mr. A. Hiscock, and Mr. A. B. Vincent. In the old days pigs were not bred here for exhibition at all; but they were shown in the autumn of 1904, and since then prizes have been won at all the leading shows, including the Champion Trophy at the Royal Lancashire Show, 1904, won by the boar Manor Grand Duke, one of the most typical examples of the breed that ever appeared in a show-yard.

The pictures afford testimony to the excellent judgment that has been displayed in breeding, since it will be found that the pigs carry nearly every point required by typical and first-rate specimens. They serve, of course, a double purpose, as they may be either sold to the butcher, in order to make bacon of the highest class, or the practical farmer may purchase them for the purpose of crossing and improving his own breed. In addition to these purposes, it should be added that there is an important trade done by sending these pigs to our Colonies and dependencies, where they are much valued. Of the short-horned cattle, which form a notable feature of the livestock kept at Elvetham, we shall take



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BERKSHIRE GILT.

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shown, are Southdowns, and the place is very closely associated with the memory of this breed, since Southdowns have been



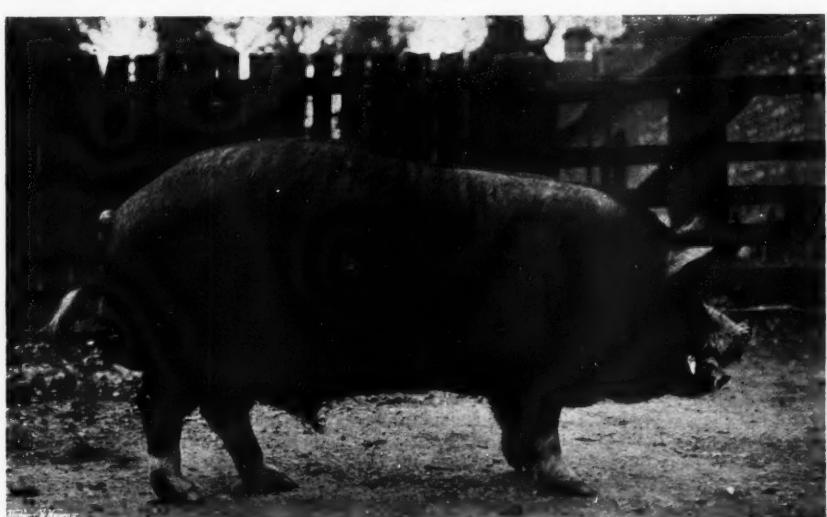
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TWO YOUNG "OLIVER TWISTS."

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the opportunity of saying something later on. The sheep, as might be expected on an estate where so much judgment has been

bred continuously for over a quarter of a century. The flock was originally founded from that of that notable agriculturist, the late Duke of Richmond and Gordon, whose Southdowns at Goodwood were very well known wherever breeders met. Fresh blood was introduced later on from such distinguished flocks as that which the King as Prince of Wales got together at Sandringham and Throckmorton, and from the flocks of Lord Bathurst, Lord Alington, Mr. Edwin Ellis, and the late Mr. J. J. Colman. Rams have from year to year been judiciously selected either from the flocks of these owners, or from others of equal merit. Sheep never have been sent to exhibition, but have been bred exclusively for their mutton and wool. One has no need to praise the quality of the former. Whoever knows good from indifferent mutton, also knows that the quality of the Southdown is unsurpassed, and that the sheep of that breed are found more than any other to meet the requirements of the modern butcher. Indeed, the development of taste to which we have alluded has been entirely in favour of the Southdown. Here you have a sheep that does not lay on too much fat, but yields a joint of moderate size, with abundance of that tender lean meat which is so



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YOUNG BERKSHIRE BOAR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

prized by the consumer of to-day. For at least two years it has been customary at Elvetham to show sheep from the Southdown flock, and with these several important prizes have been carried off, notably the first prize won at the show of the Royal Agricultural Society. Perhaps it is a still greater tribute to the genuine merits of the flock to say that the wool for many years has taken the top price at the Basingstoke Annual Wool Sale. This supplies a test of merit that could scarcely be surpassed as a means of showing the practical value of the flock.



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THE FLOCK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

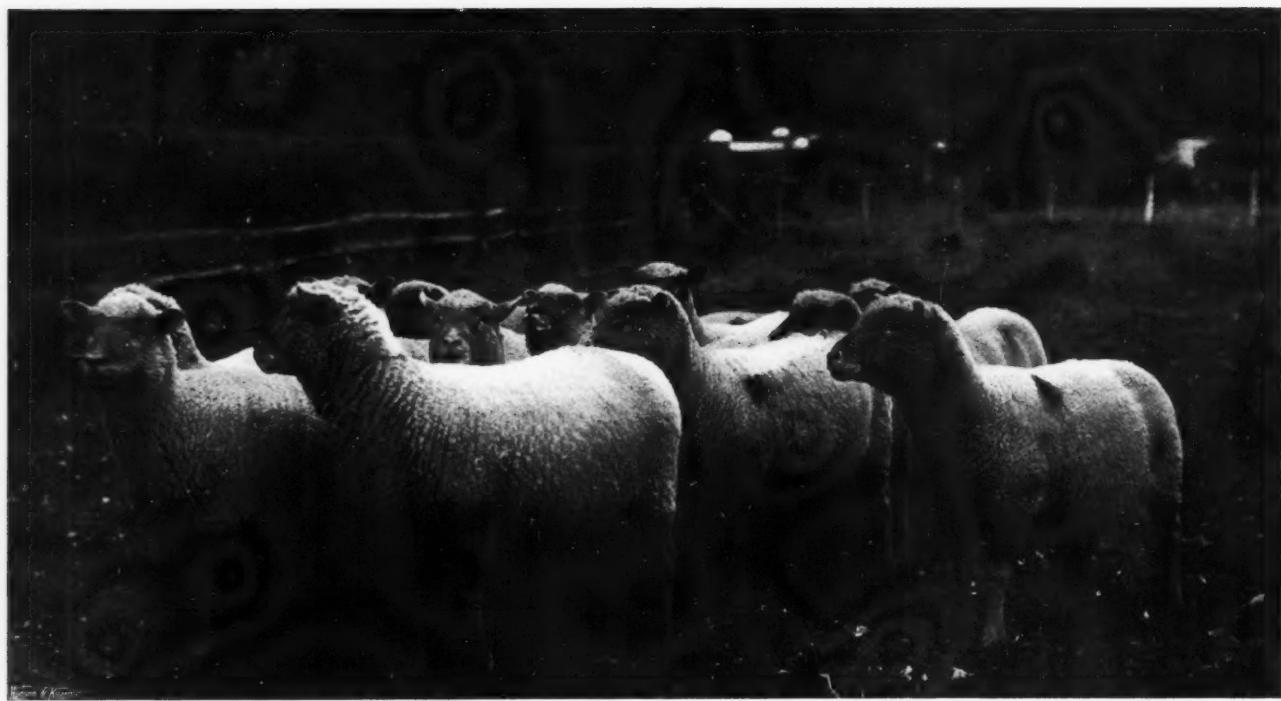
HOODIE CROWS.

THE hooded crows, after spending, no doubt, a very pleasant summer in the North, returned in October to the Sussex marsh where, during winter, I so often have the pleasure of watching them. They are among the most punctual of all migratory birds, and about the middle of October—at all events, in this part of England—some few of them are almost certainly to be noted. Here, on the flat marshland, with its adjacent sea littoral, they seem to pick up an excellent living without much difficulty. The sea yields always a good harvest to these cunning and predacious birds, and carrion, grain, worms, and other delicacies are ever available inland. There are few things, indeed, that hoodie crows will not eat. They are extremely fond of shellfish, and I have often watched with amusement their persistent efforts in cracking mussels. These, being separated from the rocks or woodwork to which they cling, they take in their claws, and, sailing a little way into the air, drop them on the rocks or pebbles, or some other hard surface. The

prey than the hard-shelled mussel. These shellfish come ashore at such times in considerable numbers; the crows seem to know exactly when to expect them, and they speedily pierce and devour all that the littoral affords. I have searched the shore repeatedly for a perfect shell of this beautiful species, only to find every one, if not broken by contact with the beach, pierced by the strong beak of the ringhals crow. Now and again a perfect specimen of the paper nautilus may be obtained, but where these crows are in the vicinity—and it is the collector's misfortune that they usually are—the chances are something like a hundred to one against picking up a perfect shell. Inland, the ringhals has almost identically the same habits as our grey crow of Britain. He finds plenty of plunder in the shape of dead trek-oxen, lambs, weakly sheep, the young of small antelopes, and the nestlings and eggs of game birds. A near relative, the Bonte Kraai, or pied crow, also a black and white bird—having a white breast and under parts, as well as a patch on the back—has very much the same habits, but is not, in my experience, so much of a shore frequenter as the ringhals.

SCOTERS AND FISHERMEN'S NETS.

A correspondent wrote to me recently to ask if it were a fact that the common scoter, or "black duck," is occasionally taken in fishermen's nets. He had been informed lately by some fishermen that they had found one of these birds dead, having apparently become entangled in their nets. I have no doubt whatever that the fishermen's report was a true one. Black duck



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LORD CALTHORPE'S LIVESTOCK: SHEARING EWES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

shell once broken, the contents are speedily extracted. Rabbits, especially the young ones, sickly sheep and lambs, and eggs, wherever they are obtainable, are constantly attacked by these marauders, and on Exmoor this crow is as heartily detested by the shepherds as is the raven.

A CAPE RELATIVE.

A not very distant relative of our hoodie crow is the ring-neck crow—the Ringhals Kraai of the Boers—so often to be seen in Cape Colony. This fine crow is about the equal in size of its

are great divers, and are now and again found thus entangled. These handsome seafowl come South in winter in large numbers, and when hunting hare on the Sussex sea marshes one constantly sees big troops of them riding the waves not very far from the shore. It is a thousand pities that shore shooters and sea gunners will not leave these birds alone; their flesh is, from its fishy savour, quite uneatable, and no man can require more than one or two stuffed examples of so common a bird. The nesting of this scoter in Ireland, a fact hitherto unproved or unknown in natural history, has, by the

way, at length been quite established during this last summer by Major H. Trevelyan. Not only were eight eggs actually laid, but subsequently the hen bird was seen on the water of the lough—to an island of which she had resorted—with five young ones. Of these one was captured by Major Trevelyan and submitted to Dr. Bowdler Sharpe of the British Museum, who pronounced it to be undoubtedly a common scoter.

THE HONEY BUZZARD.

A few days since I was shown the stuffed example of a honey buzzard which was unfortunately caught and destroyed in a trap in a Sussex woodland this autumn. These birds are so scarce nowadays in Britain that the sight of one is always interesting. Still, one would have been much better pleased to have seen the bird alive and in its natural and magnificent vigour than in the last ignominy of the stuffed state. It was, however, taken by an accident. It was a fine bird, a male, in excellent plumage. The old provincial name for this striking raptor—the capped buzzard—is an excellent one, bestowed upon it, manifestly, from the clear, delicate grey head-feathering of the male. In the female part of this grey colouring is replaced upon the crown by brown. Dr. Bowdler Sharpe has very well said that honey kite is a better description of this bird than honey buzzard. No one who has studied this species closely, not only in the dead but in the living state, can deny that this is a far better description. They have many affinities with the kites—far more, I believe, than with the buzzards. I hope shortly to show readers of this paper one or two good photographic reproductions of these beautiful raptors, with some notes collected on the Continent and abroad, as well as in this country.

BIRDS AND HARD WEATHER.

The recent cold snap was not prolonged enough to cause much suffering among the birds, nor was there snow enough—at all events in the South of England—to trouble them. It is when hard frost sets in, accompanied by a heavy fall of snow, that the birds of these islands really are at their wits' end. The snow enshrouds much of their food supply, and where there is no snow covering the iron-bound earth completes their misery. Not since the hard weather of January, 1895, have the birds suffered much in the South of England. Then I saw redwings and fieldfares, tamed by the frost and snow, hopping about houses in the middle of Eastbourne, close to the main thoroughfare and the shops. Such rare wildfowl as golden-eye ducks were to be seen flying close above the skaters' heads on the outskirts of the town, and wild geese, frantic with hunger, could be watched sitting about the homesteads of the Pevensey Marsh farmers. But, within recent times, probably there has never been so much death and suffering among birds as in the tremendous frosts of 1879-80 and 1880-81. In the great frost of January, 1881, woodcock, driven from every other part of Britain, swarmed so amazingly in the West of Ireland, whither they had been attracted by the milder climate, that they were shot in thousands, all the country-folks turning out to slay them. Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey has placed it on record that he himself once counted, during this period, no less than 800 "cock" laid out in rows

on a dealer's benches, and the birds were selling for an entire week at from 4d. to 6d. a couple!

FROZEN BIRDS.

Very occasionally it has happened that even the plumage of birds is so frozen that they are unable to fly, although not only living, but even fairly vigorous. White of Selborne mentions such an instance. It happened in a storm of sleet in January, and a number of rooks, attempting to fly, fell from the trees, with their wings frozen together by the sleet which congealed as it fell. Once only, within my own personal experience, have I known of such a thing happening. This was some twenty-five years ago, when just such a frozen shower fell, producing what in France is known as *verglas*. For a time everything touched by the rain—gates, trees, bricks, the road, etc.—was instantly coated with ice. I saw birds on this occasion which were undoubtedly prevented from flying by frozen plumage. Bishop Stanley, in his "History of Birds," makes mention of a narrative of the days when kites were plentiful in England, in which no less than fifteen of these birds are said to have been taken from a lofty elm tree, to the branches of which their feet had been frozen by some such sudden visitation. And Evelyn, in his Diary, speaking of the terrible winter of 1658—one of the hardest ever known in England—tells us that crows were actually taken with their feet frozen to their prey. There is nothing impossible in either of these statements, although the kite story seems rather a tall one. Yet, even in our own time, most wildfowlers have had experience of fowl being occasionally frozen to the ice and thus fettered.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BRITISH PHEASANT.

Much discussion has taken place as to the origin of the old English species; but even now no man can say whether or no the bird was indigenous to Britain. For many years the popular theory among scientists was that the bird was imported into this country by the Romans, who themselves procured it from the river Rion—Phasis of the ancients—which flows into the Black Sea on its eastern littoral. For a long period no evidence was forthcoming as to the pheasant's existence in Britain at an earlier date than 1059. But in the year 1901, during excavations on the site of the old Roman-British town of Caer Segeint—Silchester, the Calleva of the Romans—some bird bones were discovered which were subsequently identified as those of pheasants. From this discovery it would seem certain that pheasants were known in the South of England in Roman times. But it is quite possible that the pheasant lived and thrived in wild Britain long before Caesar and his legions landed on these shores. Remains of birds of the pheasant family have been found in Pliocene and Miocene deposits in different parts of Europe. Proof of this long-debated subject would be interesting alike to the sportsman and the naturalist. Some day perhaps we may attain it. The misfortune is that the fine old English pheasant has been ruined by the introduction of its ring-necked, Chinese congener, and it is now a rare thing indeed to meet with examples of the real British-born *Phasianus colchicus*. Imported examples or their posterity, which are now fairly common, are not quite the real thing.

H. A. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NYASSALAND GNU IN PORTUGUESE CENTRAL AFRICA.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The Nyassaland species of the wildebeest tribe being peculiar, as the name indicates, to the regions bordering on Lake Nyassa, I thought it an opportunity not to be missed of getting a specimen of this extraordinary-looking animal whilst I was stationed in British Central Africa. During my first term of service in those parts I had had no chance, as I was stationed right up-country in a fort close to the borders of North-Eastern Rhodesia. However, *tout vient à qui sait attendre*, and last year, being stationed at headquarters, I was able to satisfy my longing. Gnu being an expensive animal to shoot in British territory, and also being less rare in Portuguese territory, I selected the latter for my happy hunting-ground. Having asked for permission from the Portuguese Commandant to shoot in his district, which was courteously given, I set out accompanied by the usual amount of boys, porters, and others to try my luck. For the first two days after arriving on the ground luck did not come my way, but on the third day, standing on top of an ant-heap and spying the country round with my field-glasses, I saw what I took to be a herd of twelve buffalo. I asked my hunting-boy what his opinion of them was, and he, too, thought they were buffalo. I had already shot buffalo, but I thought it might as well add one more to my collection if there happened to be a good bull amongst the herd, so I decided to stalk them. I should explain that the herd was grazing in the middle of an open plain about a mile and a-half away, the intervening ground being covered for the most part with grass about 3ft. high. After we had gone about half a mile we had another good look at them, when, to my great delight, my hunting-boy declared them to be gnu. I do not know whether every species of gnu is as shy as the Nyassaland species, but this I do know, that if one wants to get one of the latter one has to use every precaution, and as I was dead set on getting one I used the greatest precaution. The last three-quarters of a mile was done *vertre à terre* (not in the idiomatic sense of the expression, but realistically). To make the story short, I managed to get up to within 30yds. of the herd, when, selecting what I took to be the biggest bull, who was right shoulder on to me, I let drive. Off went the herd, including the one I aimed at, but he did not go far; after a matter of about 15yds. sprint he came down plump, stone dead. I got on to my feet immediately after firing, and then for the first time I saw the real big bull, a splendid specimen, galloping away. Taking aim as steadily as I could, in my excitement, at his retreating form, I had the good luck to hit him and badly wound him, as I knew, because he at once left the remainder of the herd and wheeled round to the right by himself. Knowing, from past experience, that the best method of making sure of a badly-wounded beast was to leave him alone to stiffen, I did not go after him at once, but went to inspect the result of my first bullet. I found it had gone in near the point of the right shoulder, and, as I suspected, and found out to be so afterwards,

part of the bullet had pierced the heart. He turned out to be a very good specimen, measuring 27in. between perpendiculars. After enjoying a pipe, I started after No. 2, whom we could see standing quite still about three-quarters of a mile off. The stalking of a wounded gnu is not a matter to be taken lightly, as he is apt to turn rusty and to prove, to say the least of it, a nuisance. Bearing this in mind, and being by nature of a careful disposition where any bodily harm might accrue through rashness, I stalked him very carefully. Luckily he was standing facing the wind—quaffing the gentle zephyr—o I was able to get up unseen to within 15yds. of him. One shot brought him down paralysed, and another at 3yds. range finished him. I found my first shot had just missed his spine, but had raked him right through to such an extent that he would most certainly have died from the effects of it. He measured exactly 30in. between uprights, but has, unfortunately, since then shrunk to 29 1-8in. I have not got Rowland Ward's excellent book of records near me, but I believe that, if it is not an absolute record of his species, it is about equal to the present record.—F. D. M.

AT DEAN PRIOR.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The writer of the article "At Dean Prior," in a recent issue, informs us that "Dean Court was the parson's house, and Herrick its inhabitant"; whereas it is well known that Dean Court was the residence of Sir Edward Giles, who lived there with his wife (the widow of Walter Northcott), whose daughter, Elizabeth Yard (also a widow), married Dr. Barnabie Potter, Herrick's immediate predecessor. It was never a "little house" and "poore tenement." Its fine old hall and magnificently-carved oak panelling are much the same as in the days of Herrick. His "little batterie," with its "little byn," together probably with his "cell," for vicarages were very small in those days, forms that part of the present vicarage which is the domain of the successors of his "dear maid Prue."—THE PRESENT VICAR.

[Our contributor writes as follows: "I was misled by an ancient guide-book of Black's, 1872, which has led me to so many pleasant places that I trusted it too far. I hope Devonians will forgive my mistake."—ED. J.

DYNAMITE FOR DOGFISH.

[To the Editor of "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In apparently advocating Mr. Dunn's plea for the legalising of dynamite, in territorial waters or otherwise, for the supposed solution of the dynamite difficulty, are you convinced, even apart from the alarming possibilities of that explosive in the wrong hands, that it would not do more harm than good? The pilchard is only another name for the sardine, and possibly you are not in possession of the French Government Reports on the sardine famine in Brittany, in the course of which it is shown that the fishery was seriously

injured by the gun practice from warships at Bertheaume and from forts on the coast of Cornouailles. If gun practice frightens away these sensitive little fish, what results do you anticipate from bombs?—F. G. AFLALO, Teignmouth.

THE STOAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The reviewer of my book, "The Stoat Pack," is hard to please. If all writers waited till their books could be illustrated by instantaneous photographs, books would no doubt be fewer; a desirable thing, I grant, but they would also be duller. But your reviewer's more serious criticism is to disbelieve the incidents I have put in the book. I am prepared to defend every one of them, but will spare your readers by giving only a very brief defence of what I have written concerning stoats and rabbits. Mr. J. G. Millais, in "The Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland," now being published, describes the following incident, which he witnessed in Warnham Park: "A stoat looked out of the bushes opposite the young birds (thrushes), and at once commenced turning a series of somersaults. After each performance it would advance a foot or two towards the stupid youngsters, who seemed lost in wonder at its curious antics." Mr. Millais is guilty of the crime of not waiting for the instantaneous photographer, and includes a drawing of the incident in his work. I am ready to convince anyone that it is a far worse drawing than the one by Mr. Symes which your reviewer criticises in my book. Mr. Millais also saw this at Denne Park, Sussex: "A large stoat emerged from a rabbit warren about fifty yards away. There were about fifty rabbits round about, but none of them betrayed the slightest alarm at the presence of the stoat. After running about for a few minutes the stoat made a rush at a young rabbit and knocked it over as if in play, and then commenced mauling it about the neck and pretending to worry it. The rabbit, meanwhile, crouched down, and evidently was not very frightened, as it commenced to feed again as soon as its persecutor left it. The stoat, then, after several snake-like gyrations on the grass, went up to two other rabbits, one of them a full-grown one, and repeated the same performance, every movement of which could be plainly seen through my powerful telescope. It was then apparently satisfied, and retired to one of the holes, into which it disappeared." Again Mr. Millais has cheated the photographer, this time with a much better picture. With regard to the stoat's occasional contempt for man, thousands of observers have testified. Confining myself to the one authority with which I started, I find this instance quoted from the experience of Mr. E. T. Booth as given in a contemporary: "On one occasion in East Lothian my attention was attracted by the loud screams and growls of a terrier who accompanied me, and on hastening to the spot I discovered him fighting for his life, surrounded by from twenty to thirty stoats. . . . Luckily, we were within call of a workman, who was instantly despatched for my gun. . . . In the meantime, a heavy hedge-stake was my only weapon, and with this I managed to disable three or four. On the arrival of the breech-loader, the animals, which had hitherto exhibited a disposition to attack (hissing loudly and rising up on hind quarters), were rapidly put to flight. A dozen or fourteen were accounted for." Without endeavouring to account for your critic's objection to a fox raising his fore paw, I will conclude by thanking you for your courtesy in printing my reply.—G. G. DESMOND.

[Our criticism was that the pictures were theatrical, and there is nothing here to modify this opinion.—ED.]

A BIG MUSSEL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The capture of a big mussel (about 4in. across) while spinning in a lake the other day, reminds me of early lessons in fishing in the North Country as a boy. We used to get a pointed stick, mark down the quarry as he lay embedded in the mud with his "mouth" open, and gently insert the end. His shells at once closed on it, and enabled him to be lifted out to be eagerly examined for pearls, specimens of which up to the value of ten shillings were occasionally discovered; but, alas, too rarely to justify the hopes that were once entertained of making mussel pearl breeding a paying industry. Still, it is always worth while to look at his interior before throwing him away. Of course the spinning flight must have dropped exactly into his mouth.—NOTTINGHAM REEL.



THE HIND'S NECKLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think many of your readers would be interested to see a reproduction of the enclosed unique photograph, if you could find space for it in your paper. This hind was first noticed at Badanloch, Sutherlandshire, towards the end of September, and frequently seen during the following fortnight, when she was shot. Where the poor creature had the misfortune to feed into and pick up this old, bottomless bucket, it is impossible to say; but it may be the same hind that is referred to in your issue of October 28th, in an article headed, "Abnormalities among Deer," as having been seen in Caithness. When the hind moved, the handle rattled the bucket, making a sound which could be heard at a considerable distance. This frightened the other deer, making them so restless that curiosity was aroused, and then the cause was soon discovered.—FRANK TAYLOR.

YEWs IN CHURCHYARDS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I saw a question in your issue of November 18th as to the origin of the yews in the English or British churchyards. The late Rev. Henry

Addington of Henlow Grange, Biggleswade, a well-known antiquarian—a dear and valued friend of the writer—often said that yews were a sort of appanage of the clergy, who in ancient days gave out the bows (I imagine at a certain fee) to soldiers and others, the idea being that thefts would not be made on holy ground. It was church property, and a perquisite of the clergy. As is well known, they were used in the Pilgrims' Way leading to Canterbury as catching the eye readily. There is no record of these yews leading to Canterbury having been enclosed, so far as I am aware. I beg you will make use of this note, as my recollection is most distinct of Mr. Addington's lore on this matter. Yews were early used in Scotland in the southern parts for avenues. Also there, too, in conjunction with ecclesiastical property, the yew avenue at Rosneath, Dumbarton, being a well-known example. The Rev. Henry Addington's splendid life work, "The Brasses of England," is now in the British Museum, a series of books over 6ft. high, being rubbings from the brasses of the whole of England.—ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

A HAVEN OF REFUGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The other day, whilst mackerel-fishing off Filey, the wind suddenly dropped, and we were unable to go on "railing" for them any longer, so we anchored and proceeded to fish for whiting, of which we soon had any quantity. I was much interested in watching the manœuvres of Richardson's skua, which kept close to our boat. It had evidently been shot at, for it had a leg down; this, however, did not prevent it from harrying the terns, kittiwakes, and herring-gulls. Whenever they captured a fish it darted at them, shooting straight up into the air after them, and following all their evolutions with marvellous rapidity, and when they disgorged their prey it swooped down on it like an arrow, and frequently secured it before it touched the water. And I must say the small common terns resisted this marauding bully far more pluckily and for a longer time than did the much larger herring-gulls. One poor little sea-swallow, however, was so bullied that at last it actually came and settled on the gaff which was lying over the bows of our coble, and there it remained for nearly two hours by my watch; in fact, we had to move it on, as the breeze freshened up and I wanted to sail along after the mackerel again. I had my hand-camera with me, and I crept up within 10ft. or so of the bird, and took the accompanying snap-shot of it; I dare not go nearer for fear



of frightening it away. There was a heavy ground swell on, and I never thought I should be half so successful; moreover, the poor little bird, through the rolling of the boat, had at times great difficulty in keeping its balance, and its efforts to do so were ludicrous in the extreme. The skuas are known to the Yorkshire fishermen as pirate gulls, Morrell hens, and by other names unmentionable in polite society. I may mention that the mackerel-fishing off the Yorkshire coast this autumn has been excellent.—O. G.